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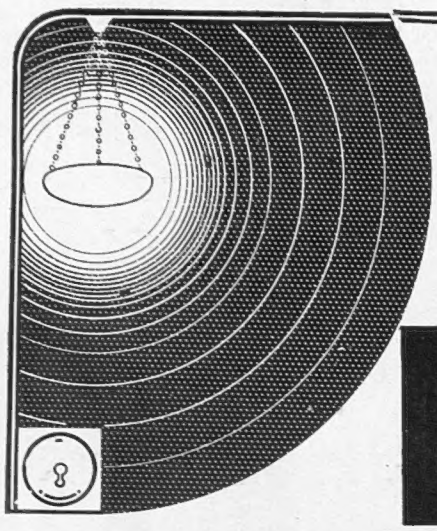

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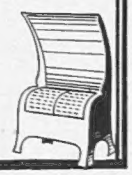

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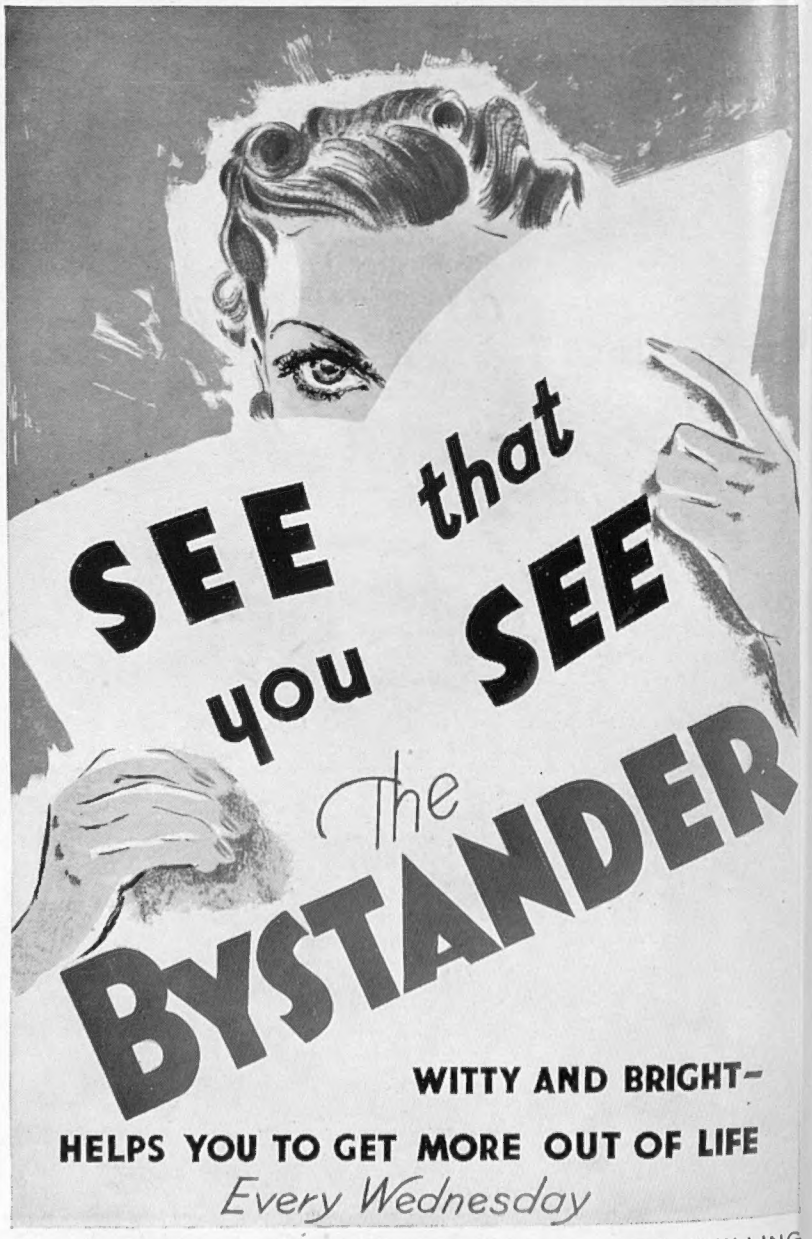

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 27, 1937

Royal Aintree

The King and Queen Walking from Their Private Box to the Paddock During Their Visit Last Week to the Centenary Grand National

A closely contested race, the victory of a well fancied runner, and the most enthusiastic and largest public demonstration that has greeted the King and Queen since their reign began, combined to make last week's centenary Grand National meeting memorable, while the weather, by being on its good behaviour, exceeded the most optimistic hopes. Their Majesties, who were staying at Knowsley as the guests of the Earl and Countess of Derby, drove to Aintree through miles of thronged roads and, on arrival on the course, were cheered to the echo by a crowd that could not have numbered fewer than half a million people. Royal Mail's success was particularly good news to the King and Queen as the owner, Mr. Lloyd Thomas, now British Minister in Paris, is an old friend of theirs and was for some years assistant private secretary to the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales. After the race they received Mr. Thomas, Mr. Ivor Anthony (the trainer), and Evan Williams (the jockey), in their private box and personally congratulated them. Earlier in the afternoon the King's horse Firestone had run in the newly named King George VI Stakes, and, although it had led all down the far side of the course and into the straight, hopes of a Royal victory were eventually dashed and the race went to its stable companion Queen's Shilling owned by the Earl of Harewood. (Pictures of the Grand National will be found on pages 480–1)

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PREPARING THE QUEEN'S TRAIN OF PURPLE: Skilled embroiderers at work at the Royal College of Needlework where for months past they have been making robes of State, banners, and heraldic embroideries for the Coronation

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, March 24, 1937.

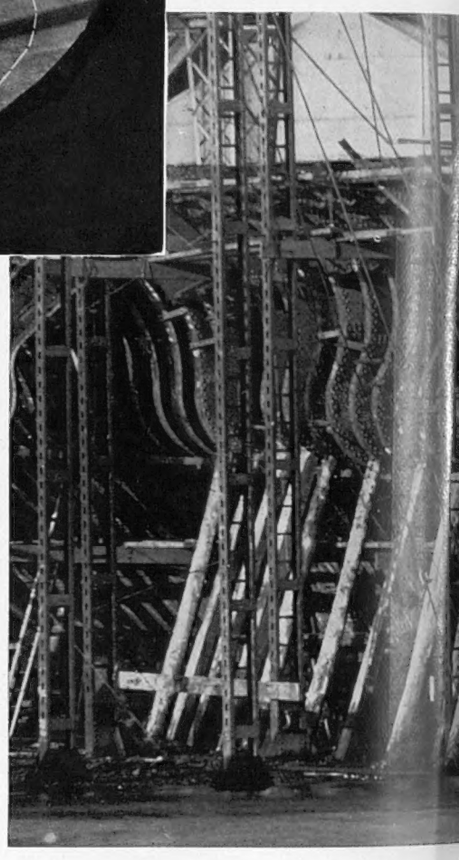
EASTER.—An early Easter is welcome after such a winter as we have had—the wettest, least sunny, least normal—for 150 years. Everything that came, came at the wrong time; the 'flu epidemic lasted longer than it should and was wider spread. Winter amusements indoors and outdoors suffered through weather or epidemics, from racing to cinemas, and farmers of the north and west and east suffered grievous losses from the snow. A beastly winter. Easter doesn't necessarily put an end to it. There is perhaps more snow to come. But there can't in all conscience be much "precipitation" ahead for a time, seeing that most of us have registered about 19 ins. of rain since the year began. The value of Easter is in its psychological effect. Whatever the weather, our thoughts are habituated at this first open-air holiday of the year to turn towards lawn mowers and flannel trousers. Whatever be the temperature, at this season the grass is green in the hedgerows. For winter's rains and ruins are over,

And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom on blossom, the spring begins.

The tenant of No. 2, "The Pines," Putney, knew all about spring.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBE OF IVORY SATIN, a magnificent vestment embroidered with emblems of the British Isles and the Dominions, being made at Madame Handley-Seymour's premises

THE FARNHAM HARLEQUINADE.—Farnham under its fine old castle, for long years the seat of the Bishop of Winchester, has been a rock in a changing sea. It has so long-established a reputation for Toryism that as often as not the Socialists have not bothered to put up a candidate at elections. Sir A. M. Samuel (Lord Mancroft—is it?—to-day) was pretty sure of a 20,000 majority, and found Farnham a sofa rather than a seat. He left his sofa to attend the Coronation in a coronet, ennobling another branch of the great Samuel family; and Farnham, taking her tip from Oxford, invited the "big top" to set up in the town. The circus is there, the Harlequinade is playing, and Farnham's reputation for sobriety is trembling in the balance. There are four candidates. Mr. Nicholson calls himself a Conservative. He has Mr. Baldwin's blessing. Mr. Thorp, K.C., is an Independent—at least in the sense that he is independent of the backing of the older Unionist Association in the constituency, but is sponsored as their official Conservative candidate by the mushroom growth, the Farnham and Woking C.A., constituted *ad hoc*. Mr. Peter Pain is a young barrister and wears a plain label, "Socialist." Mr. Miller is the Harlequinade's chief attraction. He is the King's champion—and the People's. (Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or—forfeit your deposit.) He has up his sleeve a new Cabinet of live wires—a galaxy of doves and rabbits hidden in a top-hat, over whom he is prepared himself to preside. Mr. Thorp is entirely anti-Government; he is true blue Tory. Mr. Nicholson must be anti-Tory—if he is opposed to party considerations "in these difficult times." Mr. Pain is anti-Tory, anti-National, and anti-Miller. Mr. Miller is anti-everything—save Millerism. Liberals, Communists, and Fascists have funked the stricken field. Farnham's voice is about to be heard above the cat-calls.

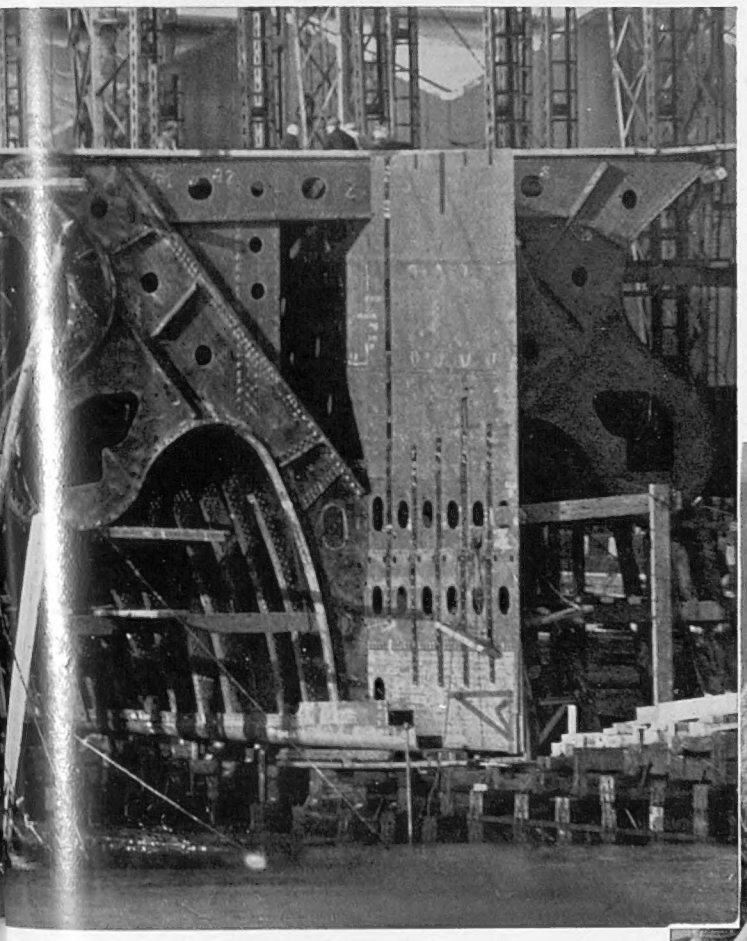


"QUEEN MARY'S" SISTER SHIP TAKES SHAPE: A view, taken from the opposite side of the Clyde with a long distance lens, showing the present state of construction work on the new giant Cunard White Star liner which, it is understood, is to be named Queen Elizabeth

COCK FIGHTING—The phrase "this beat cock fighting" is described in the authoritative dictionary as meaning "this is inexpressibly delightful." And so it seems. The cruel sport dies hard. A hundred years ago (Creevey records) it was the habit in a great Northern Whig country house to take the guests to Sunday church in a wagonette already loaded with game cocks consigned to the neighbouring country town for the afternoon's sport. But such practices have long since ceased to be legal. To-day they flourish under the rose. The date of the "poultry show" has to be secretly conveyed to patrons both in England and France. Yet much cock fighting still goes on. Derbyshire delights in it and I fancy that more than one member of the present Government has not only watched the fun but backed his own home-bred champion. Lately one or two of our young sparks have been detected sowing their oats on this forbidden field. I never saw and never wish to see a staged cock fight. Poultry are cruel as well as stupid creatures and I have seen enough of their methods in the poultry run. But I feel a slight sympathy with our detected jeunesse dorée. Where on the Earth's face can they scatter their wild oats or gain their youthful experiences undetected by the ubiquitous Argus eye of the Press? Or escape the moral indignation of M.P.s who, not being orators as the Brutuses are, register their presence in Parliament by wasting the time of the House at question-time.

THE AMBERLEYS.—For half a century a link has been missing in a chain of evidence which might have helped us to understand better two remarkable men—the second and third Earls Russell of Kingston Russell. Lord John of the Reform Bill was created Earl Russell and Viscount Amberley in '61. He died in '78. Two years earlier

died his elder son by his second marriage (to Lady Frances Elliot), Lord Amberley. He was thus succeeded by Amberley's eldest son, the versatile, spectacular Frank, who in turn was succeeded by his brilliant brother, the present Earl, Bertrand. But their parents remained a mystery. They were blotted out by untimely death. Now Bertrand, Earl Russell, has raised the veil that hid his parents' lives by the publication of the *Amberley Papers*. As might be expected, his parents were anything but humdrum, or conventional, or dull. Neither Russells nor Stanleys of Alderley have ever been that. They have been individualistic, controversial, independent, liberal, keenly and shrewdly critical, courageously discriminating, intellectually vigorous. The Amberleys, a devoted couple, combined all those gifts and handed them down to their children. They were "suspect" in their day, for they were in advance of their times. But the quicksilver of to-day is the dough of to-morrow. Their Utopia —revolutionary in the '60s—is ancient history or sound Conservatism to-day. Female Suffrage, a League of Nations, conditioned birth control. It is nice to learn that Lord John, himself largely pre-Victorian, held up no hands in horror but gave an indulgent smile to their Utopian plannings. But Society



was shocked, Amberley's political career was scotched, and Death with a large sweep of his scythe cut down the promising swathe. The ears are now gleaned. There are a score of vital, vivid, valuable pictures of mid-Victorian times in these two interesting volumes—Carlyle, George Eliot, Mill, Lecky, Huxley, Trollope. *Pereunt et imputantur.*

FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTERS.

—Sir Josiah Stamp, a man of vision and unquestioned ability, subscribes to the view of Oxford that man's lack of control over the economic machinery and his ignorance of the potentialities of the scientific devices which he has created are another case of Frankenstein and his monsters. I had this theory brought home to me the other day in talks with an educated countryman and an old Sussex labourer. The latter first. My talks will make a very simple item in the intellectual menu for Eastertide. Old Gaffer pointed to a line of new Council cottages and to a cluster of 200-year old cottages in the village. "All got electric light now," he said, "and all got rheumatism to look forward to." I failed to see the chain of argument. "When I was a lad," he pursued, "we burned a candle when we could get one. And the folk were all doubled up with rheumatism by the time they reached fifty. It's damp walls that's the prime cause of rheumatism, and damp walls you'll get in cottages very old or very new (with the materials they build 'em of to-day) unless they are warmed and heated. When I grew up the blessed day came when we could burn oil lamps, and oil lamps gave heat as well as light. We could move 'em about and dry up the walls in bedrooms as well as living rooms, and that did away with a lot of rheumatism. And now this here electricity is . . . just putting back rheumatism into every cottage." And he spat his resentment of electricity. That theory impressed me. There is indeed something comic or tragic in the *hubris* of Governments which make slogans before they make sure. "Drink more Milk" is another of them. My educated countryman views this slogan with real concern. He considers that the ever increasing consumption of milk by adults is a menace to the health of the race. And he declares that many in the medical profession, chiefly dentists, share his view. "Go to nature to find truth," he said. "You won't find a grown animal hankering back after his suckling days. Too much milk is bad for adults. These new milk bars will complete the ruin of the nation's teeth." Then he also harked back to electricity. We know nothing of the forces which we are letting loose over the air, nothing of their powers for evil. We are producing, perhaps artificially, conditions of perpetual thunderstorm —hence our ever increasing rainfall and sunlessness. With this theory I was not so much impressed. But my talks gave food for thought.

MARGARET MITCHELL.

—My request for reliable information about the authoress of *Gone with the Wind* was answered—from the fountain head. It appears that Miss Mitchell has been abominably used either by mere gossip-mongers or by misdirected efforts to increase her news value. She wishes it to be known that (despite vigorous assurances and authoritative announcements): (1) She did not write her novel while in a plaster cast. (2) That she was not crippled for three years by a car accident. (3) That she is not totally or partially or even slightly blind. (4) That the most widely circulated picture of "Margaret Mitchell" is not a portrait of her or like any portrait of her. The portrait sent to me as authentic is one of which no woman however charming need be ashamed. So I can understand her dislike of false pictures like the above. There are penalties even for outstanding literary success. The limelight of publicity is hard and cold and unbecoming. It is also erratic and unreliable to the last degree. And the sales go on. The million mark is left behind. If I could reach the million mark, I would gladly sign my name beneath the "portrait of a blinking idiot." But then I am already an ugly middle-aged man, half way up in a world of blinking idiots—and I need the money. But I can sympathise with, while I envy, Miss Mitchell.

AN ELDER STATESMAN.

—I don't know when the phrase "an elder statesman" was coined. Perhaps for Cincinnatus. It is applied nowadays to two types of men with great political experience behind them who are always ready to give advice—the type that retires and the type that is always trying "to stage a come-back." Sir Austen Chamberlain was of the former type. He was a Victorian and indeed in his training a pre-Victorian. Politics, his country, and his father were his guiding loyalties. He was trained from boyhood for statesmanship, and from the start realised that it was a "dog's life" and that he would get more kicks than bones out of it. He did. He held a number of high offices from the age of thirty-two, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer before he was forty. He was Foreign Secretary from 1924 to 1929. Those were the years on which his fame chiefly rests and during which most controversy must rage round his policy. Englishmen who know too well a foreign language and understand too well a foreign nation's character are always suspect—e.g., Haldane. Sir Austen received part of his education in France and Germany but, if it can be said of a great patriot and Englishman, France was his spiritual home. The efforts of the 'twenties to bring about European pacification cannot perhaps be favourably judged in the 'thirties (with the position as it is). Yet he and Briand and Stresemann did indeed produce a temporary patch of blue in the clouds—a patch which promised a finer day. It vanished and a day came when Sir Austen was blamed as the man who had tied us to France's apron-strings and France's policy of keeping Germany off the map of responsible nations—a policy, if such it was, which caused so much of our later troubles because it failed to take note of the fact that Germany's deficiency complex and sense of injustice were no sidelines but the first and vital motive force in all Hitler's iron-fisted policy. Sir Austen knew what politics are; he was not taken by surprise if and when his motives were traduced or he was unfairly blamed. Indeed, he was ready to take the blame and to bear the responsibility for actions which went amiss when the policy which decided them was not his primarily and not controversial. He was steeped in the traditions of the "great days" in politics, and he followed the precedents created by the giants. He might have been Premier, but he stood aside for the sake of unity and for his conception of what would best serve the country. And when again he felt his powers no longer at their best he stood aside for younger men. And when he retired he cast no longing, lingering looks behind him in the direction of place and power. He was a great gentleman, a fine Englishman and patriot, and an elder statesman in fact as well as name. He adorned and never let down a great name in English political history, and all shades of opinion have admitted his great qualities.

THE OLD STAGER

WHAT THEY WORE AT AINTREE: Two striking fashion notes seen in the paddock before the running of the Grand National, an event triply distinguished in view of its centenary, the presence of the King and Queen, and the good behaviour of the weather. The Royal visit is recorded on the frontispiece

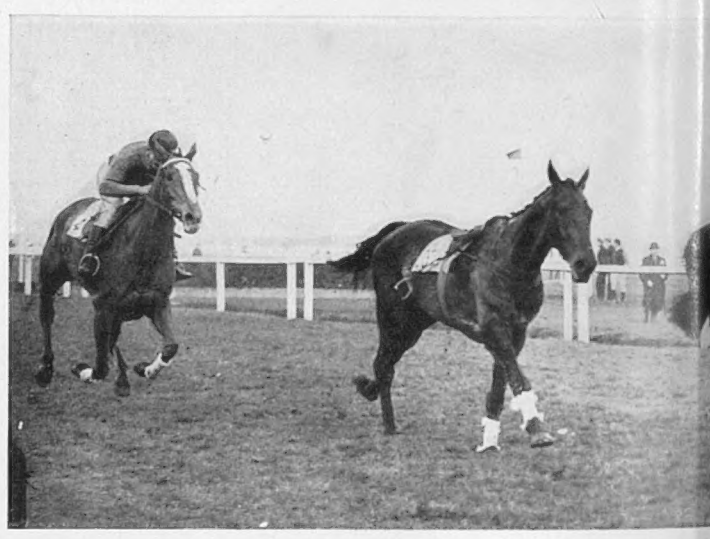
A CROWDED W

THE PARIS RIOTS: Wounded police officers being taken away in a car after last week's clash in the Clichy district between Left-wing supporters and the police during the course of which five people were killed and 300 were injured, 48 of them seriously. The cause of the trouble was a meeting held at a local cinema by Colonel de la Rocque's Fascists—a meeting which the Communists chose to regard as a provocation and demonstrated against with violence

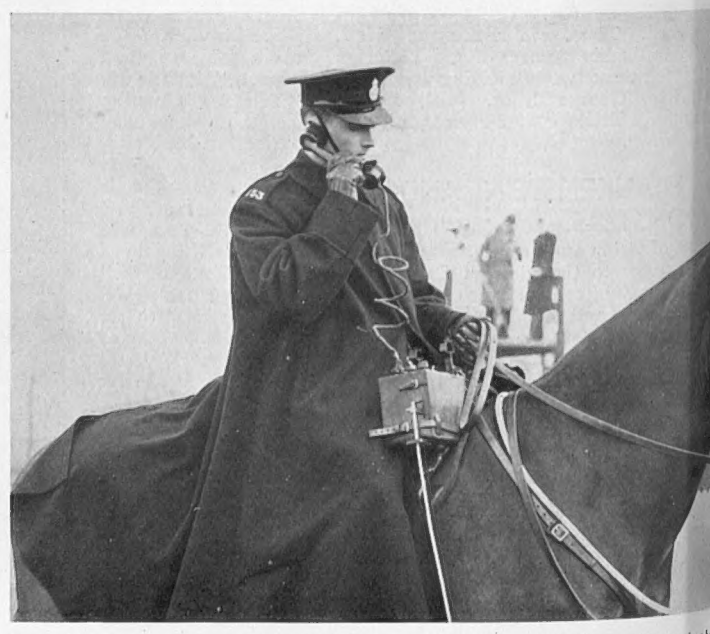
SEQUEL: Strike pickets taking charge of a taxi whose owner had the temerity to take it on the streets during the half-day strike which was called in Paris by the Trade Unions as a protest against the casualties inflicted by the police in the Clichy riots of March 16. There were few disorders, but the whole business, industrial, and social life of the city was paralysed

THE CLENCHED FIST: Paris strikers give their salute on catching sight of a photographer. The men for the most part behaved good-humouredly throughout the stoppage and the only serious clash was at the Bourse where they were embroiled with stockbrokers' clerks

EMPTY SADDLES were the order of the day at Aintree and this riderless ho pictured here as it leapt Becher's Brook, was only one of the twenty-se out of the thirty-three runners, which parted company with their rider the Grand National. Not a few of the loose horses, urged on by inst



ROYAL MAIL WINS: Mr. H. Lloyd Thomas's 100 to 6 chance (E. Williams about to pass the post in last week's centenary Grand National with riderless Drim, which had kept up with him throughout the second circ close on its heels and Mr. J. V. Rank's 33 to 1 chance Cooleen a few len



SIDELIGHTS ON THE BIG RACE: *Above*—A mounted policeman, with a wirel receiver and transmitter attached to the pommel of his saddle, receiv instructions when helping with the work of crowd control at Aintree. *Righ*

K:

Royal Mail's Grand National : Paris Paralysed by the Great Strike : Wireless as an Aid to Flood-Fighting in the Fens

d trai ng, kept pace with the other runners and proved a tremendous nuisance. cka Belle (eventually third) was particularly unlucky in this respect, being tacked by riderless Daumar when going extraordinarily well in the lead on e secon circuit, while Cooleen (eventually second) had a similar experience

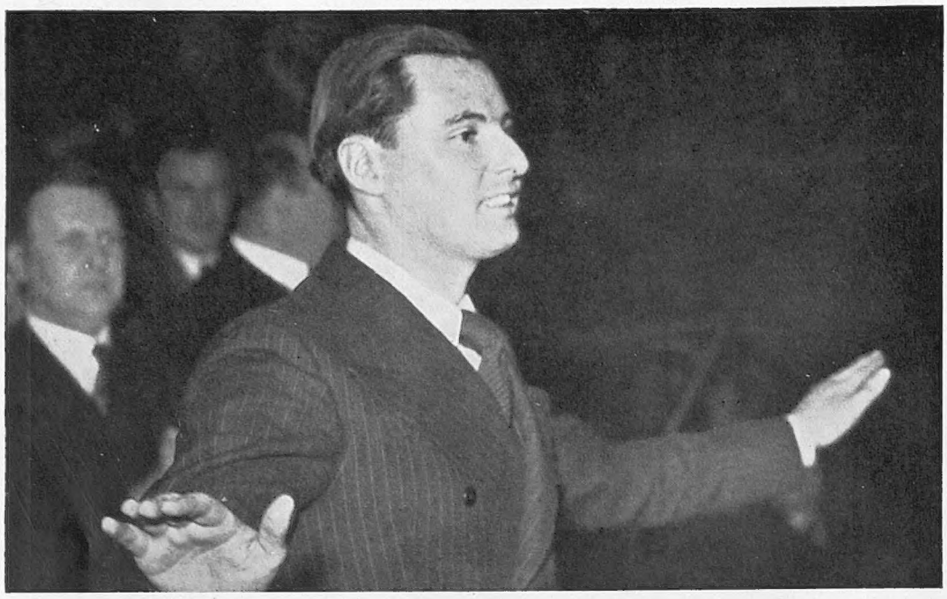
rther behind. Royal Mail, which had been strongly fancied some weeks efore the race but had fallen from grace as a result of two indifferent splays over Park courses, put up a magnificent performance jumping eanly and, despite a burden of 11 stone 13 lb., showing a fine burst of speed

Mr. Ivor Anthony, trainer of Royal Mail, Mrs. H. Lloyd Thomas, wife of the winning owner, E. Williams, the winning jockey, and Miss Thomas at the Grand National Banquet held at the Adelphi, Liverpool, on the evening of the race

FIGHTING THE FENLAND FLOODS BY MODERN METHODS: Men from the Royal Air Force station at neighbouring Mildenhall operating a wireless set in inundated country near Welney. If any change in the level of the water is noted they immediately get in touch with headquarters and reinforcements, if available, are at once sent along to assist in coping with the situation

A SUDDEN SUBSIDENCE IN THE RAILWAY TRACK between Rainham (Kent) and Gillingham was responsible for this freight train crash. Twenty-seven wagons were involved, most of them being badly smashed, but the train crew suffered no serious injuries. Heavy rain over a long period, which had rendered the embankment sodden, caused the line to give way

THE FUNERAL OF SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: Lady Chamberlain, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Maxwell, and followed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the service which was attended by many notabilities in political life, including Mr. Baldwin. Unfortunately, Mr. Neville Chamberlain caught a severe chill and had to cancel engagements



THE SPELL-BINDER: A characteristic platform pose by Léon Degrelle, the young man who has risen to political prominence in Belgium in such a surprisingly short space of time and who has now challenged the Premier, M. van Zeeland, to contest a by-election against him in the Central Brussels Division

BELGIUM'S BATTLE ROYAL

The Momentous Single Combat at the Polls where Van Zeeland Will Join Issue with Rexist Degrelle

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TYPICAL of the times we are traversing is the way in which Belgium's most pregnant post-war occasion, and one of Europe's—the Brussels by-election showdown of April 11 between Premier van Zeeland and Rexist Leader Degrelle, between Democracy and Fascism in a vital little land indeed—has come to be almost universally canvassed as if it were a championship fight in the boxing ring. "*Le grand match!*"

No doubt the label originated from there having been the most pugnacious challenge, and that this was handsomely and at once accepted. No beating about the bush as between party managers. To shake up the metaphor still further, decks straightaway cleared for action, and all fully cognisant of the issue at stake.

This issue is in the long run of such dimensions as to render it of no little importance to Britain. Those of us who know, or think we know, what is happening in Europe realise only too well what further burdens the arrival of Fascism at Ostend would bring. This is not likely to be, by a long way, the pointer given by the Brussels election. The second aspect of major interest to England is the meteoric velocity of this young gentleman's arrival. Nowhere yesterday—a bare ten months ago—and plumb in the absolute front to-day, fighting the Prime Minister of his country in single combat, with the eyes of all his countrymen and women upon him.

How did it happen? One need not go back further than March, 1935, linking with that approximate date the observation that the New Deal then introduced by Paul van Zeeland had been too long postponed. It was quite true that among "the old ones" had been amassed a great deal of dirt in the financial and political fields, that the threatened third devaluation within a decade was widely attributed by civil servants, by the small rentier and shopkeeping classes, by Labour, to sheer impotence, indolence, or worse on the part of their rulers. Degrelle dived into all this social discontent, rapidly mounting towards upheaval, and soon, I recall, the whole sorry state of affairs was being shouted abroad as "the twilight of the aged." Let youth take the helm! The stage for Belgian Fascism was set.

Léon Degrelle was really born thereabouts, although few had begun to hear of him until the end of the year. He was engaged doing the spade-work, having left the dominant Catholic Party and conceived his idea of "Christus et Rex" instead, to be progressively invested with all the distortion, manipulation, show, and bombast of true Fascism. "Rex," I should mention, stood for "Order" not for "King." As for the "Christus," that was entirely indicated in so Catholic a country—although later it came to be dropped, possibly on the score of its making inroads on snap. Degrelle assembled the staple nucleus about him, and here I write in no derogatory sense, the early birds of this form of movement being but too well known. What is called "disgruntled youth" or young men who haven't managed to get started, student "intellectuals" with a penchant for dramatising themselves in public, churchgoers, ex-officers, industry and finance with axes to grind, reactionaries, badly hit middle and lower middle class, tough guys on the hire purchase system. Himself a spell-binder of good appearance and great vitality, if in Belgium he is more generally referred to as a demagogue shy of principles, Degrelle took a broom as the Party badge ("clean 'em up!") and proceeded to enter on an astounding campaign of abuse and what we would call downright slander upon all opponents who mattered or stood in his way. He had daily and weekly publications in which to do this, the chief of which, *Le Pays Réel*, is more often known as the *Pourri Réel* ("Real Rottenness"). Degrelle got bang in the limelight with this campaign, for which I do not think he has yet had to pay more than slender fines.

Among the surest ramparts against Fascism or any other kind of "ism" are sound and respected libel laws. There is probably no more honest man in public life to-day than Paul Zeeland, yet he got it, as far as might be, with the rest.

Meantime came the General Election of last May, and Degrelle's surprising success with twenty-one Rexists returned to Parliament, though he himself did not stand. He is doing that now for the first time. Almost at once his slogan became "Rex or Moscow," which steadily expanded his followers. Then he linked up with the sixteen Flemish National deputies, bringing his voting strength to thirty-seven in a small House. No longer to be ignored. Soon, too, the joint Party was staging publicity free fights within Parliament itself. Procedure would be interrupted, opponents angered, the wildest harangues essayed. Always keep in the public eye! One early morn Degrelle was discovered orating for the cinema at the foot of a monument to a Belgian hero, in a public park. It was 7 a.m., but Degrelle was declaiming and waving his arms as had he been addressing thousands.

That film was destined for Paris because the French Government had turned him back from the frontier as he has also been refused admittance into Holland. Against this, he visited Herr Hitler on the quiet last autumn, no doubt to receive tuition, as others have done, chiefly from Dr. Goebbels, while not long ago this dynamic young Belgian in a hurry repaired to Turin and thence spoke on the wireless in highest praise of Mussolini. (He is not allowed to broadcast in Belgium.)

There is not the shadow of a doubt as to just where Léon Degrelle stands. I referred recently in these pages to a mammoth stunt he put up this January when he harangued for six successive nights in the great Palais des Sports, in Brussels, where the Six Day Cycle Race had just terminated. The place was packed each night with 8,000 or 10,000, though how many returned night after night, I do not know. I only know that the picture of Degrelle then communicated will remain with me, whatever his fate in the future. As for the ingredients of his address, I need not enlarge upon them. They shriek aloud. Cleanliness and order in public life, a strong united nation, respect for religion, a humane restraint in government, long live the King, down with alien agitators, economic and financial progress and reform in the interests of the whole community, fair play all round. All sounding so easy, and as if it were positively intended in its entirety, once the Party won power. Yet it goes over, or a great deal of it, in these, the hysterical days of mass emotion and of *Youth*.

Degrelle, who is followed everywhere by hardy trusties in the best dictatorial manner, has twice been arrested. Once last October when he spoke from a window facing St. Gudule, in defiance of a Cabinet order, and again the other day when he burst in upon a banquet at Ghent that was being addressed by the Prime Minister. In each case he was released within a few hours. There is no doubt but that the authorities are wary about touching Degrelle too harshly, "making a martyr of him," as yet another evasion runs. In private life the Rexist chief shares a normal apartment with a young wife and two children. At thirty-one he is in the full force of existence and is for ever dashing round the country in a huge car, showing much pluck in penetrating the "reddest" districts such as Liége. One of the guiding Fascist tactics is to go where people least wish to see you, where there is most to be done. Colonel de la Rocque does the same in France, or the more daring of his adherents do.

So that is Léon Degrelle, who very soon may be consecrated as Opposition chief in Belgium. After all the Premier is fighting him with all other parties out of the ring. The test will be whether Degrelle increases the Rexist vote and by how much. If he succeeds even to a limited extent his prestige will rise, and it will be difficult to envisage him thereafter as other than the Leader of the Opposition. Let it be remembered that the younger man provoked this fight when he flamboyantly declared himself the enemy of the Government, at the same time causing one of his own deputies to resign his seat, the one way of provoking a by-election. By-elections are otherwise unknown in Belgium. If a seat becomes vacant, by death or other cause, the next man on the list of the party holding the seat automatically ascends into Parliament. These deputies in reserve are called "suppliants."

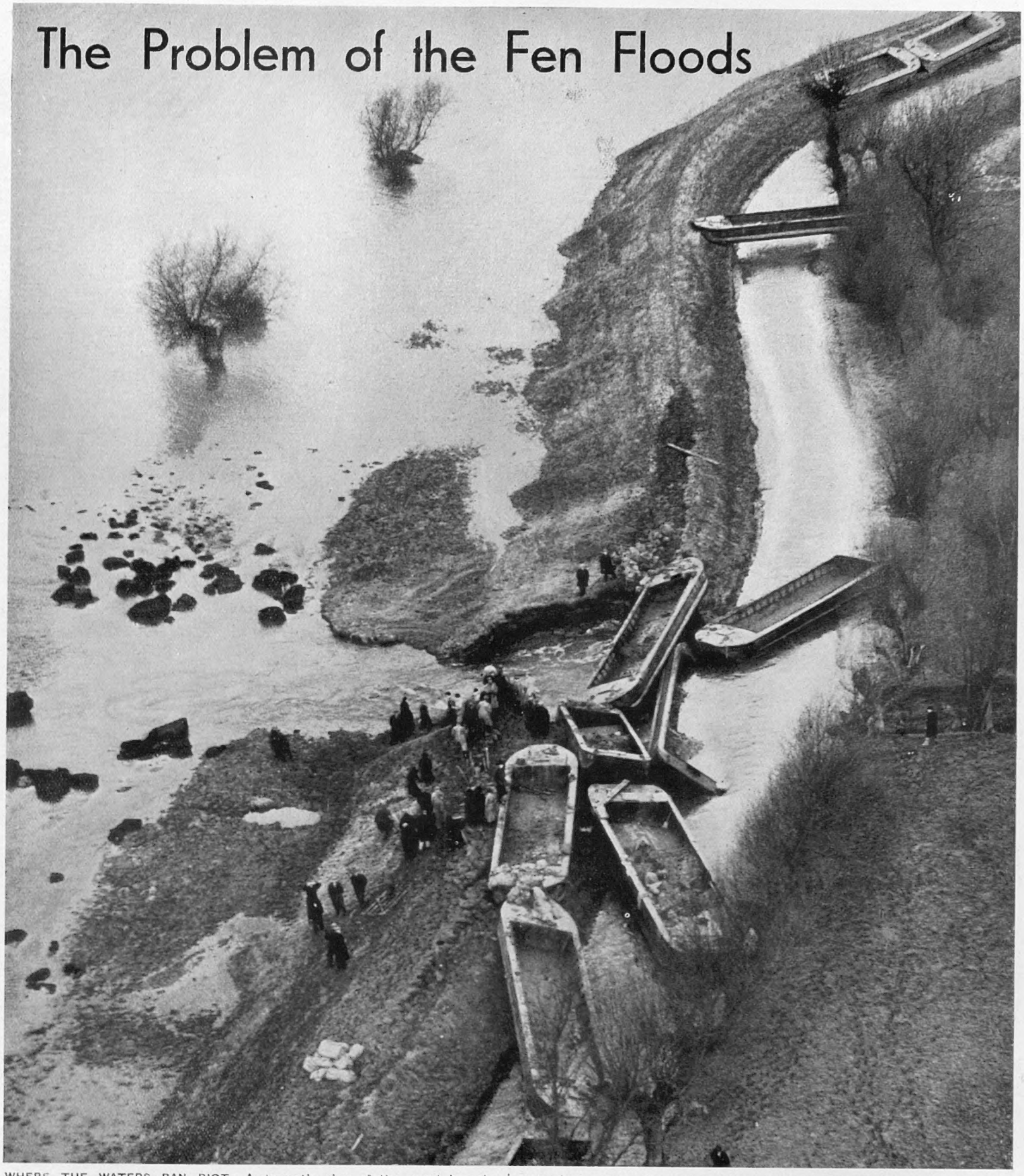
Degrelle manœuvred with skill. On the P.R. system he had won Central Brussels last year. He only polled, with the Flems, 73,000 against 250,000 on the other side. But he won, and this victory meant that if his duly elected adherent quitted at any time, the first Rexist "suppliant" would take his place. But Degrelle wanted the seat free in order to fight it himself. So he told his various "suppliants" to resign also, thereby leaving the Government with no option but to take measures to fill the vacancy which, be it said, corresponds relatively to the whole inner area of London, an immense constituency.

Its figures last May were: Voters, 340,000—Socialists, 85,574; Catholics, 78,000; Liberals, 55,551; Rexists. 55,582; Flems, 20,139; Communists, 34,789; various, 11,000. Rex and Flems therefore got 21 per cent. of the whole, and the Government Parties (Soc.-Cath.-Lib.) 65 per cent., the balance being accounted for by Communists and others. As the Government Parties are enthusiastically united behind Van Zeeland, he should win easily, the more so in that the Communists are ready also to vote for the Fascist-fighting Premier, who, however, officially declines this offer, as did Mr. Roosevelt last fall.

(*Continued on page* 510)

BELGIUM'S FIGHTING PREMIER: M. Paul van Zeeland who has guided his country through troublous times, bringing to bear his great gifts as a financier on national economic questions, and has now surprisingly accepted M. Degrelle's daring challenge to do battle at the polls

The Problem of the Fen Floods



WHERE THE WATERS RAN RIOT: A dramatic view of the worst breach that occurred during last week's serious flooding in the Fen district, showing the point at which the sodden banks of Soham Lode gave way under the immense pressure and the water tore its way down the slope, spreading across the length and breadth of Barway Fen, drowning many hundreds of rich acres. As it did so, barges which had been brought to the spot with cargoes of clay for use in strengthening the dykes were stranded in the mud and one straddled bridge-like right across the stream

FAR AND WIDE: Another picture evidencing the widespread nature of the inundation. The normal watercourse lies between the two dykes in the foreground, and, judging by the appearance of the trees, the low-lying land beyond has been submerged to a considerable depth. *Left*—This picture shows how one of the clay barges was skilfully manœuvred into the breach on Soham Lode, thus placing a partial check on the escaping waters

QUEEN MARY WITH MLLE EVE CURIE, daughter of the famous woman scientist and pioneer of radium research, after Her Majesty had opened the new research laboratories at the Marie Curie Hospital, Hampstead

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL: Sir Patrick Duncan, who has been appointed to succeed the Earl of Clarendon, seen with his wife and daughter on board the *Warwick Castle* as he left Southampton for Capetown a few days ago. Sir Patrick, who will be the Union's sixth Governor General, was born at Fortrie, Banffshire

HER MASTER'S VOICE! A guest and an electrician carrying some of the equipment from All Souls', Langham Place, after it had been used to make a gramophone record of the wedding of Mr. Kenneth Thomas and Miss Olga Noaks

TENANTS FILING PAST THE KING IN DENNY CRESCENT last week when, to mark the six hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter of the Duchy of Cornwall to the Black Prince by Edward III, His Majesty visited the Duchy estates in a once drab, but now changing area of London south of the river. The tour brought him into personal contact for the first time with many of his tenants, and he also made calls at a hostel for boys and a boys' club. Streets and houses in Kennington had been decorated for the Royal visit, and thousands of the people of the district crowded the pavements to acclaim him

The King and the Civil List

How the Method of Providing the Royal Income has Come into Being

LAST week the King visited the Duchy of Cornwall estates in South London. It happens that a rumour is current that the King is to surrender his revenues from that Duchy and also from the Duchy of Lancaster, and will in return receive an additional grant from Parliament as part of the Civil List. If the rumour is true, what does it mean?

To understand the position it is necessary, briefly, to examine the history of the Monarchy's finances and its property in land. In theory, all land belongs to the King, and what are known as Crown lands are simply lands of which he has not granted tenancies to any of his subjects. In the Middle Ages the King was expected to pay the normal expenses of government out of the revenues of these estates and certain other hereditary revenues. When, in 1399, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, ousted Richard II from the throne and became King as Henry IV, he was unwilling to lose the enjoyment of his private income and to merge his Duchy in the land of the Crown. He therefore had a statute passed to prevent the merger which otherwise would have taken place, and this statute has from time to time been re-enacted down to the present day. The position of the Duchy of Cornwall has been similar, this Duchy having usually been the property of the reigning King's eldest son, as was the case in the reign of George V. The estates of the two Duchies have thus been kept distinct from the Crown lands.

For many reigns the King not only had to provide for his personal and household expenses out of his hereditary revenues, including the revenue from the Crown lands, but also had to contribute very largely towards the expenses of the public services. When Charles I, in the course of his struggles with Parliament, ruled for eleven years without it, he raised a substantial part of his revenue by the sale of Crown lands. He lived on capital; this was financially objectionable to his subjects, because it meant that an increasing amount of the revenue would in future have to be drawn from the Customs and from taxation; it was also objectionable to a section of them because it temporarily lessened the political control over the King, which the necessity of obtaining its consent to taxation conferred on Parliament. When William III succeeded to the throne after the bloodless revolution of 1688, the income from the Crown lands was only £6,000, and his total hereditary revenue, inclusive of this, was estimated at £300,000. It is at this point that we first come across the Civil List. At the beginning of William's reign Parliament appropriated the annual sum of £600,000, including this £300,000, for the total civil expenditure of the government; ranging from the payment of the Civil Service to the upkeep of the royal gardens. On the accession of Queen Anne, Parliament's control over the Crown lands was definitely established. The Act which settled the revenue for her reign restrained the Crown, for all future reigns, from disposing of Crown lands.

The position then was that the Crown lands were a part of the Civil List, which was voted at the beginning of each reign to settle the annual revenue of the Crown for its duration. But, like other lands, they were subject to fluctuation in value; if this should diminish while the expenses to be met out of the Civil List increased, the King would be out of pocket. To avert this risk George III on his accession in 1760 surrendered his interest in the Crown lands for life, receiving in return a Civil List of a fixed amount. This precedent has been followed ever since. In 1830 (William IV) the Civil List was relieved of all public charges except Secret Service money. This virtually completed the process of transforming the King from a ruler in supreme control of the financial administration of the country, to a salaried official responsible, in fact, if not in law, for certain ceremonial and other duties whose character and scope are fairly well defined. Entertainment is one of the King's most important duties; during Queen Victoria's lengthy period of mourning for the Prince Consort, when Court entertainments were a rarity and the Queen accordingly saved her money, her subjects felt and complained that they were not getting value for theirs.

It is now possible to say what the proposal that the King should surrender the revenues of the two Duchies means. He would give up part of his private income and would receive an increase in salary. The effect of the proposed change on the King's income it is impossible to estimate without knowing by precisely how much the Civil List would be increased. Would the change have any political or constitutional repercussions? It seems not.

It might be reasonable to expect that anything which made the King more dependent on Parliament would weaken his position; especially as the position of the two Duchies would presumably be assimilated to that of the Crown lands, and the King would therefore be unable to sell their estates. Actually the opposite is probably nearer the truth. The Crown is at liberty, in theory at least, to refuse to surrender the revenues of Crown lands at the beginning of each reign, but it might then, equally in theory, be made responsible for the payment of the public services; for this purpose the revenues of the Crown lands, whether they included the revenues from the two Duchies or not, and the Crown's other hereditary revenues, all of which are habitually surrendered, would be quite inadequate.

No government could, without the Royal consent, lawfully withhold payment of a Civil List once voted. Nor probably would it desire to do so. The strength of the Monarchy does not lie in the property which it owns; it lies in public service, performed economically, gracefully, and well; and in the place which this service wins, both for the institution itself, and for the persons of the Royal Family, in the hearts of the citizens of the British Commonwealth.

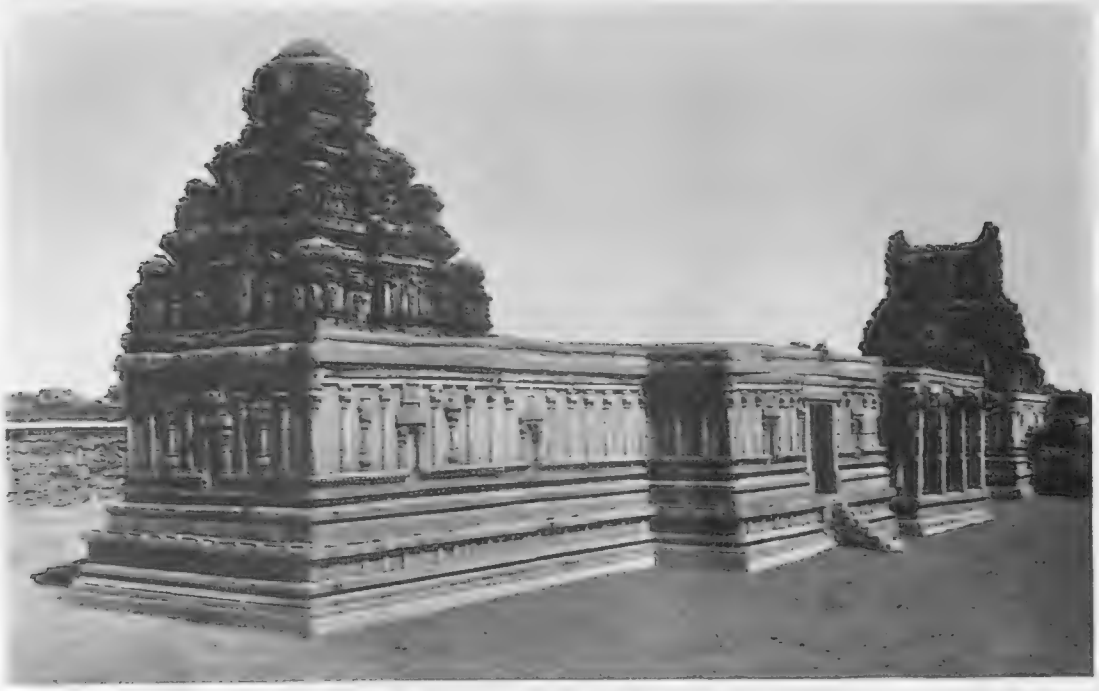
WHEN A PRINCE OF JAVA PASSES: Pageantry at the Funeral of Prince Paku Alam VII

TAKEN TO HIS REST IN ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR: The hearse, drawn by four black horses in white trappings, watched by vast crowds as it passed slowly through the streets of Djokjokarta at the funeral of Prince Paku Alam VII, one of the four quasi-independent native rulers of Java. Among the mourners were members of the Dutch Army and Navy

LAST RITES IN THE GIRIGONDO HILLS: *Left*—The coffin bearing the body of Prince Paku Alam VII being borne towards the burial vault, two retainers holding above it the State umbrellas and others standing by with long white spears. *Right*—The burial vault of the dynasty showing in the foreground the graves of Paku Alam V and VI, and in the background earth piled up on the tessellated floor after the digging of the new grave for the reception of the coffin

MOURNING THEIR MONARCH: Muhammadan priests (*above*) and native women (*right*) wearing white sashes in token of mourning, passing in procession during the first stage of the funeral in the streets of Djokjokarta. Paku Alam VII, who was the head of the youngest of Java's four native States, was educated largely on Western lines, and was known both as an accomplished linguist and a patron of the arts. He had little or no power, being bound by treaty in common with his fellow princes to obey the Dutch East Indian Government, but exercised considerable personal influence over his people

THE GREATEST OF VIJAYANAGAR'S RUINS: The magnificent throne platform which towers above all the other buildings in this ruined city which 600 years ago was the capital of the mighty empire of Southern India, a power that time and time again resisted relentless Muhammadan invasions from the north. Bold linear effects characterised the architecture of the place which, in modern times, owes much of its preservation to the late Lord Curzon



THE CHANDRASEKHARA TEMPLE: Another outstanding monument in the ruined city of Vijayanagar with its pilastered wall and great brick-built towers.

The old capital abounds in temples, all of them bearing clear traces of their former magnificence and not a few of them in a fair state of preservation

ELEPHANTS, DANCING GIRLS, AND HUNTING SCENES adorn this south side of the throne platform, the carvings on which reveal to the knowledgeable student much of the history of the Vijayanagar Empire, which, as the only great Hindu power of its time, was an important centre of culture and learning. The platform, which is believed to have had a superstructure of brick and timber, was built in 1513 after the victory over Orissa by King Krishnadeva Raya, the foremost of the monarchs of his dynasty

The SEXCENTENARY *of a* FORGOTTEN EMPIRE

The Wonders of Hindu Vijayanagar Recalled

A distinguished gathering of Indian scholars met in conference recently at the Virupaksha Temple in the heart of the city of Vijayanagar adjoining the hamlet of Hampi to celebrate the sexcentenary of the foundation of the city and the empire. Vijayanagar was founded in A.D. 1336 in the reign of King Edward III of England on the banks of the sacred Tungabhadra river, right in the centre of South India almost equidistant from the Konkan and Coromandel coasts. The city formed the nucleus of a great Hindu empire of Vijayanagar which in its palmy days under Krishnadeva Raya, embraced the whole of South India south of the Kistna river, equalling in size the old Austro-Hungarian Empire.

What were the achievements of this Empire whose connected history was made known to the world for the first time by Mr. R. Sewell in 1900 and wherein lay its strength and wherein, again, lurked its weakness? The Vijayanagar Empire was a power to be reckoned with between 1336 and 1565 and even afterwards it lingered for a century till its last vestiges were devoured by Bijapur and Golconda. It arrested, while it lasted, the southward advance of the Muslim invaders, preserving and fostering Hindu culture for over three centuries. Thus if the cradle of Hinduism is to be sought for in North India the citadel of its orthodoxy is to be found in the extreme South. This by itself is no mean achievement, but it did more. The Vijayanagar rulers rose above racial and religious prejudices, recognising and respecting all creeds and faiths. Duarte Barbosa wrote of the Empire at the beginning of the sixteenth century, "the King allows such freedom that every man may come and go and live according to his own creed without suffering any annoyance and without inquiry whether he is a Christian, Jew, Moor, or Heathen. Great equity and justice are observed by all." It was Krishnadeva Raya's maxim that a King should so improve the harbours of his kingdom and encourage its commerce that articles would be freely interchanged, that "he should arrange that the foreign sailors who land in his country on account of storms, illness, and exhaustion are looked after in the manner suitable to their nationalities," and that "he should make the merchants of distant foreign countries . . . attached to himself by providing them with villages and decent dwellings . . . and allowing decent profits." These Emperors were generous patrons of literature and art, extending, with delightful impartiality, their patronage to Sanskrit, Telugu, Tamil, and Kannada.

Scholars who have enriched Indian literature and poetry—secular and religious—flocked to the court of Vijayanagar. They were Madhavacharya and Sayana; Peddana, the poet laureate at the time of

(*Continued on page* 516)

FACETS OF BURMESE LIFE

"FLIRTING" WITH DEATH: Ma Hla, member of a Burmese troop of snake charmers hailing from Mount Popa, kisses a 13-ft. king cobra — most poisonous of all snakes—as the culminating act in the dance she gave recently in the Dufferin Garden, Rangoon. The creature's fangs were not removed

The remarkable demonstration of snake-charming depicted above was specially arranged in honour of Colonel J. L. Sleeman, C.B., O.B.E., C.M.G., M.V.O., in whose presence a full performance was given recently at a party arranged in his honour by the President and officers of the Burma Ambulance Corps at the Dufferin Garden, Rangoon. The troupe consists of the noted charmer, Saya Hmin, his wife Ma Hla, and their daughter, who hail from a small village on Mount Popa. Ma Hla danced and played with 13 ft. of fanged death in the shape of the king cobra, and kissed him full on the lips. After the performance the poisonous fangs were shown to Colonel Sleeman. The troupe has another king cobra exceeding twelve ft. in length

BOUND FOR THE BAZAAR: A peasant of the Shan States and his wife on the way to market with their produce slung in baskets across bamboo poles. Each village of any size holds its bazaar every five days and, as in other parts of the world, it is regarded as an occasion for enjoyment as well as business

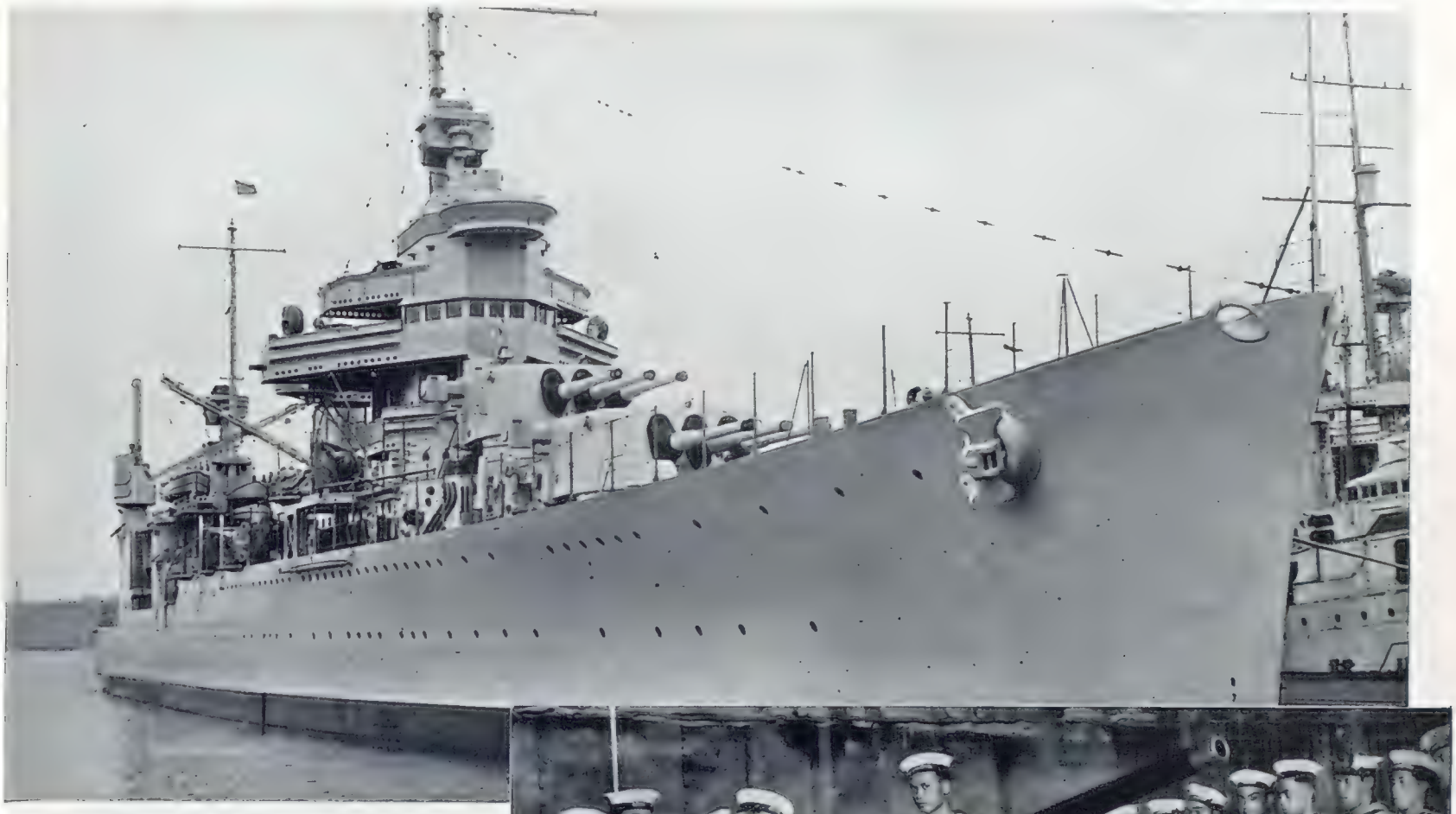
* * *

Though the Southern Shan States border is only ten hours by train from Rangoon, civilisation is taking its time to filter gradually into the remoter parts of this land of broad, fertile valleys and steep hills. Burma's approaching separation from India and the consequent political fervour displayed in Rangoon and the districts—mostly expressed no more alarmingly than through the newspapers—has not touched these tranquil lands to the north-east. The Federated Shan States are composed of about thirty separate States, each ruled by an hereditary Sawbwa or chief, and administered by the Burma Government. There are also a number of smaller States, each under a Myosa, or minor chief. The Shan States are the home of a medley of races: Shans, Palaungs, Padaungs (the "stiff-necked belles" who have become so famous since Bertram Mills showed them at his circus), Taungthus, Lishaws, and many more, speaking a host of different dialects within their many languages. Each village of any size holds its bazaar every fifth day and becomes the meeting place of the various settlements round about. Civilisation creeps in, and, although in most of the bazaars the women turn away in embarrassment at the sight of a camera, in Kalaw, the hill-station so popular during the hot weather, the Palaung women demand money to pose.

Said the moon to the earth, "I declare
It really seems grossly unfair
That you should have Guinness
— and Goodness
— and Strength
Which you never invite me to share"

G.E. 675A

NAVAL | *The 10,000-ton "Vincennes" Completed at Boston—Canada Purchases Two Modern British Destroyers* | NEWS



A NEW ADDITION TO AMERICA'S CRUISER FLEET: The 10,000-ton *Vincennes*, sister ship of the *Wichita*, pictured as she lay moored in Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., after being handed over to the Navy Department by the builders. *Inset on right*—Malay ratings of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, Singapore, receiving instruction on board their training ship

THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY, a little-known force that came into being in 1910, has recently purchased these two modern British destroyers, the *Crescent* and the *Cygnet*, re-naming them *Fraser* and *St. Laurent*, and putting them into service in place of the now obsolete veterans *Champlain* (based on Halifax, Nova Scotia) and *Vancouver* (based on Esquimalt, British Columbia). Since the passing of the Statute of Westminster, Canada has become responsible for the defence of her immediate area, and from the naval point of view she is at a distinct disadvantage, having such an enormous coastline to guard. Her navy at the moment consists of under ten vessels (including mine-sweepers), while there are only 104 officers and 862 men in the permanent force and 150 officers and 1,360 men in the Reserve and Volunteer Reserve. A contingent is coming over for the Coronation, and the *Fraser* and *St. Laurent* may provide the transport

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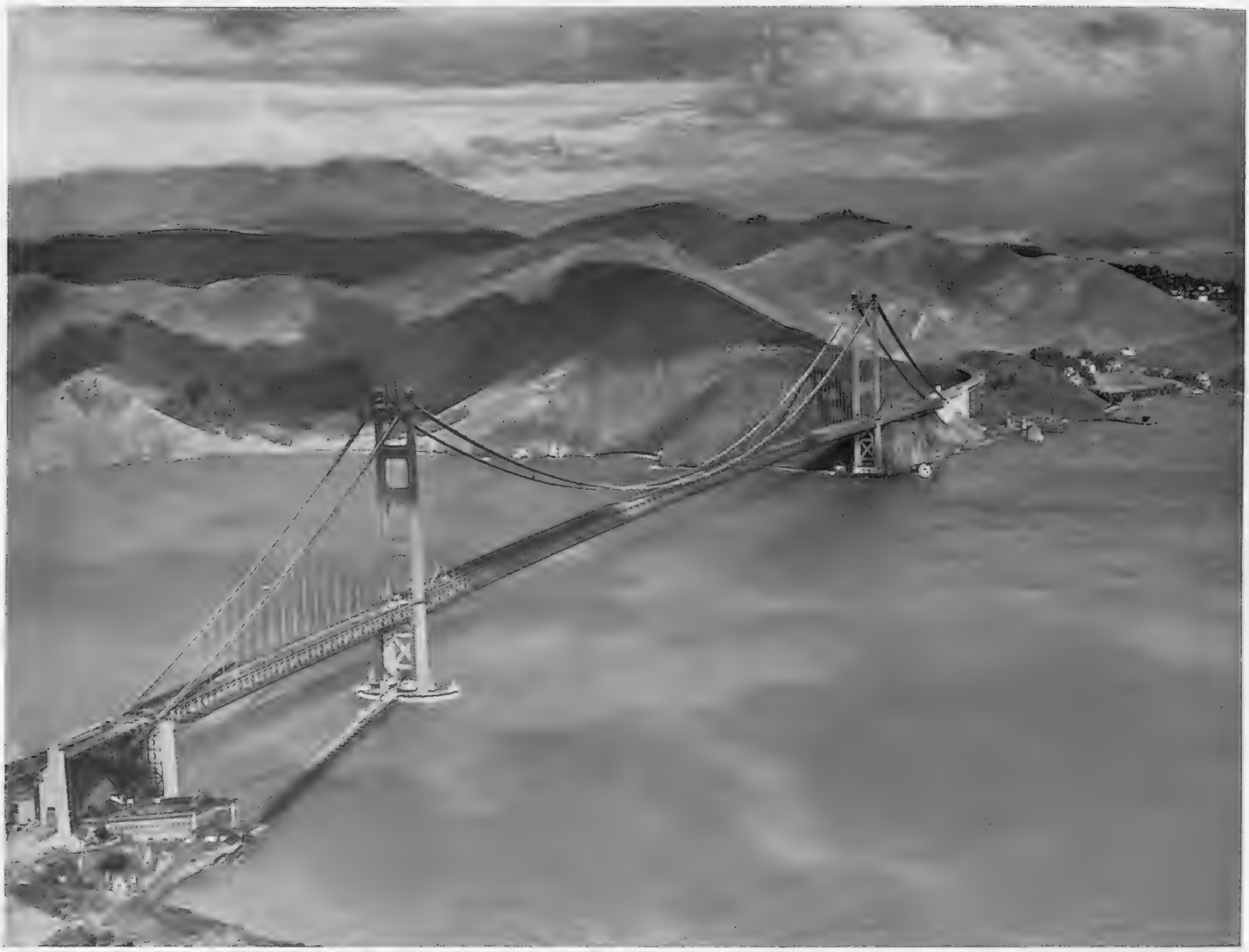
BRIDGING THE GOLDEN GATE : San Francisco Builds a Mammoth Structure at Her Harbour Entrance



WORKING 200 ft. ABOVE WATER LEVEL: A picture taken during the construction of the Golden Gate suspension bridge. Since a number of men fell to their deaths a short while ago the safety net below has been considerably strengthened, and as a result a number of lives have been saved

SYMPHONY IN STEEL: This £7,000,000 bridge across the Golden Gate one of the largest suspension bridges in the world—is due to be opened on May 1 and will provide a link between San Francisco and the Marin Peninsula. Engineering experts say that it is an even finer engineering feat than the other San Francisco Bridge which was inaugurated last November and joins the city with Alameda, Berkeley, and Oakland on the opposite side of the harbour

There exists among engineers the question as to "how big is a bridge?" Upon this question hinges the answer as to whether the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco, now nearing completion, will assume first place among the world's suspension bridges, or whether the George Washington Bridge at New York will retain this distinction.

The determination of "bigness" in bridges depends largely upon what measuring-stick is used. Taking the popular conception—length of span—the Golden Gate Bridge, with its 4,200-ft. main span and its cables stretching 7,694 ft. from anchorage to anchorage, is the world's biggest suspension bridge. The George Washington Bridge, however, is designed to carry the heavier load although its main span is 700 ft. shorter than that of the Golden Gate Bridge and its cable length, from anchorage to anchorage, misses that of the latter by 2,482 ft. Diameter of the two cables that support the Golden Gate Bridge is 36½ ins. as against 36 ins. for the George Washington Bridge, but there are four cables with a total supporting strength of 350,000 tons on the George Washington Bridge. Total supporting strength of the two Golden Gate Bridge cables is 193,004 tons. On the other hand, the massive towers of the Golden Gate Bridge rise 746 ft. above the water, while those of the George Washington Bridge, which previously held the record as the world's tallest suspension bridge, missed this mark by 151 ft.

So the question of "bigness" probably will remain a point over which engineers will wax argumentative for some time to come, as it appears that no other suspension bridge comparable to those two giants is likely to be erected for a long while. Disposing of the question as to whether or not the Golden Gate Bridge assumes first or second place among the world's suspension bridges, there are so many unique features in connection with its construction as to set it apart as the outstanding engineering achievement of modern times.

When Mr. Joseph B. Strauss, a famous American bridge builder, proposed the construction of such a bridge, bitter controversy assailed the project. Engineers and laymen alike engaged in heated debate as to the practicability of building a bridge of such proportions. Some of the former prepared lengthy treatises to prove that the piers, and particularly the south pier, not only could not be built, but, if built, that they would not support the immense weight they were designed to carry. Others gloomily predicted that the 4,200-ft. centre span would collapse of its own weight. But the bridge has been built. Work was begun upon it early in 1933 and it has proceeded rapidly.

The two 746-ft. towers are about twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and four times as high as Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square. They consist of cellular steel units, superimposed one on top of the other. The interior of the tower thus presents a veritable labyrinth of steel cells, hundreds of which extend from the pier to the tower top where rest the massive steel and saddle castings.

The roadway is carried 220 ft. above the water-level, has a width of 100 ft., sufficient for six lines of traffic, and two 10½-ft. sidewalks. The great bridge, which will be entirely completed by May 1, has cost £7,000,000.

H. J. S.

= CONTINENTAL =

The Swiss Army Trains Dogs as Runners—
Spain's £80,000 a Year President in Paris
The Coming International Exhibition

DOGS OF WAR: Although the radio and the telephone are now regarded by military authorities as vital factors in the maintenance of communication in the field, the written message is no less an essential, and in this connection the Swiss have found that dogs are most efficient runners, as they can operate almost unseen, escaping unharmed when a human being would probably be hit. Here we see dogs at a training camp near the Savatan forts

INTERLUDE ON ALPINE HEIGHTS: A camera study from Switzerland where the winter sports season is now drawing to a close, but where for a time enthusiastic skiers pursue their sport on the higher altitude slopes

STATESMAN IN EXILE: Señor Alcala Zamora y Torres, who became first President of Republican Spain in 1931 but was forced to resign in April of last year, being out of favour with both the parties of the "Right" and "Left," is now living in the Passy suburb of Paris and occupying his time in journalistic work. During his four years of office he received a salary of 2,000,000 pesetas a year (approximately £80,000), and had the distinction of being the world's highest paid President. *On right*—This curiously designed building will house the leather goods displayed at the forthcoming Paris International Exhibition

SCEAUX

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE SPLENDOUR: The avenue of fountains—so much admired by Louis XIV, leading down to the Octagon pond. A glimpse of the famous gardens at Sceaux as they are to-day in their renovated state. The park, which once belonged to Colbert, one of the great ministers of France's golden age, was acquired by the French Government in 1923 and the work of restoration has been going on ever since

THE great park of Sceaux, a noble domain of some 560 acres, situated only 5 kilometres from Paris, is at present being restored to its former glorious aspect. This historic château and park was bought up by the State in the autumn of 1923 with a view to restoring the greater part of it. Much of this important work has already been carried out and visitors may now walk the grounds of this justly celebrated demesne. It is one of Le Nôtre's outstanding masterpieces and was inspired by Versailles; just as Versailles was built to surpass the magnificence of Vaux.

The story of Sceaux is a fascinating one. Many famous characters in history have owned and visited the estate, which dates back to the fifteenth century. It was the home of Colbert, the very able and active minister of Louis XIV, and it was he who ordered Le Nôtre to lay out the great park, thus hoping to emulate the splendour of Vaux le Vicomte, the sumptuous home of his hated rival and predecessor, the iniquitous Fouquet. But that was in the late seventeenth century. A certain Pierre Baillet was one of the first chatelains, as long ago as 1417. His son, Jean Baillet, inherited the property in 1470, and there is evidence that the château must then have been a noted residence for Louis XI spent a night there when travelling from Blois to Paris. It was not till just two centuries later, in 1670, that Colbert acquired Sceaux for the sum of 135,000 livres (the equivalent of about 12,500 English pounds to-day). He was very wealthy and could well afford to spend large sums of money on the extension of this historic domain. Apart from commissioning Le Nôtre to plan the great park and gardens, he had two large wings attached to the château. In 1675 he had enormous stables built capable of housing over a hundred horses. Two years later a monumental orangerie was constructed, the main part of which still exists and has now been restored. The charming little Pavillon de l'Aurore was built about the same time. Happily, it has suffered little damage, and it stands to-day in its original state—a testament to the genius of that accomplished seventeenth-century architect, Claude Perrault. The only other buildings that have remained intact are the two little pavilions that stand at either end of the entrance grille and the two imposing pieces of sculpture, by Coysevox, that flank the main gates. Unfortunately, the château itself was demolished in 1799, and a new and uninteresting edifice erected in 1856.

The park of Sceaux was laid out in a surprisingly short period of time. Anxious to have his dream quickly realised, Colbert had a great number of tall trees uprooted and transplanted from three of his other large estates. He was fortunate, too, to obtain the employment of armies of workmen who were no longer required for the construction of Versailles (only about 10 kilometres distant from Sceaux). The finished product was so impressive that many writers of the time wrote lengthy poems and even books in praise of its grandeur. It was not only the great conception of Le Nôtre that won such approbation, but also the manner in which the stately gardens were ornamented with many fine pieces of sculpture. Just as he had been employed at the sumptuous abode of Fouquet and the huge palace of Louis, Le Brun was likewise commissioned by Colbert to arrange all these sculptural motifs and himself to execute the mural paintings in the château and buildings of Sceaux. One of these can still be admired on the ceiling of the Pavillon de l'Aurore.

In 1677 Colbert's ambitious scheme was completed and he hastened to request the honour of a visit from the King. Louis XIV consented and a splendid fête was given in his honour and for the Dauphin, the Queen, Madame de Montespan, and the whole Court. Colbert was proud of his achievement, for Louis XIV was agreeably impressed with his reception; much more so than with the historic and too glorious fête given by Fouquet. The *Nouveau Mercure Galant* criticised the soirée in a manner most pleasing to Colbert by writing that he had not attempted to organise "one of those sumptuous fêtes the excessive expenditure of which satisfies more the ambition of those who give them than causing pleasure to those for whom they are given."

The eldest of Colbert's eight children, the Marquis de Seignelay, inherited Sceaux and an enormous fortune. Although he squandered most of it in a life of continual gaiety, he did expend much in collecting rare works of art. An inventory of the château made after his death, in 1690, showed that the paintings, sculpture, furniture, and objets d'art, most of which he had brought back with him from Italy, were valued at 1,700,000 livres. He seemed to take pleasure in spending his money; although Le Nôtre had failed to persuade Colbert to have a great canal constructed in the park, it was not difficult for him to put forward again this project and induce his son to spend a large sum on the execution of this scheme. The Marquis de Seignelay wished Sceaux to be one of the most magnificent domains of

REFLECTING THE GENIUS OF LE NOTRE: The avenue of fountains leading up from the Octagon pond—the work of the greatest landscape gardener of his time

France. So the canal was dug and finished by 1686. As seen to-day, it measures nearly two kilometres in length and is planted either side with a double line of trees.

It would almost seem as if the Marquis de Seignelay had wished to compete with his father and even rival Fouquet by organising a fête in honour of the King nearly as sumptuous as the historic soirée at Vaux. A few details of the royal reception at Sceaux, on July 16, 1685, are worth mentioning. At 6.30 p.m., the King, accompanied by several members of the royal family and the "most qualified persons of the Court" arrived at the château. After a rapid inspection of the ground floor apartments they made a tour of the park and gardens. The King walked in front with the Marquis de Seignelay, followed by the gentlemen on foot and the ladies in sedan-chairs. The King and his followers halted awhile at the Octagon pond to admire the impressive cascade of fountains that were playing in tiers up one of the wooded alleys. "Several highly decorated gondolas full of beautiful and gaily dressed ladies conducted by rowers clad in white and covered with bright coloured ribbons" then passed in procession in front of His Majesty, inviting him to accompany them on their boating expedition. But, as accounts describe it, the King was too content sitting at the edge of the water admiring the series of fountains playing opposite to accept their invitation. These famous fountains have now been completely and faithfully reconstructed. A performance was then given in the orangerie. "L'Idylle de Sceaux," which Racine and Lulli had specially composed for this occasion, was played by the whole Opera company. The orangerie is placed some distance away from the lakes so Louis XIV had to walk a fairly long way to get there. To charm him on his way he was accompanied by an unseen orchestra. The musicians, mostly oboe players, walked behind the hedges and in the darkness of the trees playing gentle and mysterious night music much to the pleasure and intrigue of His Majesty. The preparation of the midnight supper was no less impressive. A very

THE MARQUISE DE MONTESPAN, for nine years the mistress of Louis XIV, was more than once a visitor to Sceaux

THE PAVILLON D'AURORE in the grounds of the château was built to the order of Colbert and remains to-day much as it was in his time. It was there that the Duchesse du Maine held her concert parties

TRANSFORMED

The French Government Restores the Historic Demesne Laid Out for Colbert by the Great Le Notre but in Later Days Allowed to Lapse into Decay

By ALEXANDER WATT

FROM HAYFIELD TO PLEASAUNCE: Two impressions of the historic park of Sceaux, that above having been taken before the work of restoration on the beautiful gardens was begun. *Below*—As it is to-day with trim lawns and gravelled walks

long table had been ranged right round the edge of a small canal in the middle of a large lawn set in the centre alleyway of sweet smelling orange trees. The whole scene was flood-lit so that it gave the impression of an immense table set round a mirror. The King sat at one end, the Dauphin at the other. Trumpets, timbals, violins, flutes and oboes were played alternately.

The Marquis de Seignelay was, indeed, famed for the many extravagant entertainments he often provided for the King and his Court, and his own friends. His domain of Sceaux was considered so unique and magnificent that it was esteemed one of the "curiosities" of France. In 1687, when two foreign ambassadors visited Versailles, the King insisted that they should also visit Sceaux.

Nine years after the death of the Marquis de Seignelay, a certain nobleman at the Court of Louis XIV, nicknamed the Man with a Limp, acquired Sceaux for the sum of 533,000 livres. He was the Duc du Maine, the eldest of the legitimised children of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan. He was married to the granddaughter of the Grand Condé who lived at Chantilly; the park of which is another of

Le Nôtre's masterpieces. It was she who virtually took possession of Sceaux, set up her own Court and for many years organised a succession of brilliant fêtes that brought further glory to the fame of the already historic domain. She married when very young, so at an early age she experienced a longing to escape the formalities and pomp of Chantilly and Versailles. The splendour of Sceaux conformed to her extravagant tastes of luxury and pleasure Here she was able to live in freedom, far from the dominating attention of the King and Madame de Maintenon, seeing little even of her husband whose high military obligations detained him either at Versailles or at the Arsenal in Paris.

Historians declare that the Duchesse du Maine was ugly and heartless, and that she was the centre of a ridiculous and ignoble conspiracy that sent the family into exile for a number of years. It is difficult, therefore, to understand the admiration and success that she brought upon herself. She was renowned for her famous Nights of Sceaux, which were among the most remarkable of those organised at exorbitant expense by a pleasure seeking aristocracy who—it is not surprising—incurred the French Revolution. These fêtes usually included poetry recitations, concerts, firework displays, charades, illumination of the great park, balls, ballets, marionette performances, boating expeditions on the grand canal in luxurious gondolas, and mass supper, carousals and orgies; a mingling of refined entertainment and vulgar pleasure. But the Duchesse du Maine was not lacking in intelligence. Just as the Marquise de Lambert, Madame d'Epinay, and the Marquise du Deffand were uniting the intellectual élite in their salons at a time when the profligacy of the Court was open scandal, so did she organise many important literary soirées at Sceaux. Voltaire was one of several famous wits who honoured her with his presence.

The Duc de Plenthièvre inherited Sceaux in 1775. He was the son of the Comte de Toulouse who, with the Duc du Maine, was one of the legitimised children of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan. He was, except for the King, the richest man in France. He was also one of the most respectable. He travelled much, had no fixed residence, and never stayed at Sceaux for any length of time. Yet he took great trouble to restore the former home of Colbert and to keep the famous park in perfect order. Indeed, never before had it been so well maintained.

(Continued on page 516)

JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT: One of the ablest of Louis XIV's ministers and most famous of Sceaux's owners. He was a great patron of the arts

On right—THE GRAND STAIRWAY leading to the avenue of fountains with statuary on the grass below

This TROUBLED WORLD

Strikes in Tunisia, the United States, and India— A Mineral Train Crash on the New York Central

INDUSTRIAL UNREST IN TUNISIA: Only forty-eight hours after the departure of the French Resident General, M. Guillon, native workers at the important phosphate mines of Gafsa and M'dilla went on strike, and during the course of a demonstration clashed with the police. *Left*—Captain Nacivet, who was wounded in the engagement but succeeded in restoring order in the district. *Right*—Workers outside the mine offices where they went to lodge a protest. Phosphate mining is one of the key industries of Tunisia and the output is increasing yearly, doing a great deal to lessen this French colony's adverse trade balance

COUNTER MEASURES: Of recent months stay-in strikes have grown rapidly in favour as a bargaining weapon among the workers of America and in some industries business has been seriously affected. When employees of this works (the Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation of Waukegan, Illinois) tried the same methods, however, the police delivered a tear-gas attack and the hundred strikers made a hasty exit

HOLD-UP ON THE N.Y.C.: An express mineral train of forty-two wagons came to grief recently at South Byron on the New York Central's system, the cause of the accident being unknown. Coal was scattered in all directions and the wagons fell in such a manner that two of the main line tracks were put out of action. In the distance a breakdown crane can be seen removing wreckage

RESILIENT: When this Moth plane belonging to the Kingsford-Smith Flying School at Haberfield, Sydney, crashed into the backyard of a house, the twenty-year-old pilot, Colin Parkinson, clambered out of the cockpit and accepted a lift from a passing motor-cyclist, riding to hospital on the pillion

MARTIAL LAW: Men of the Eastern Frontier Rifles on guard in the streets during the recent strike of jute workers in Howrah, the populous industrial centre on the right bank of the Hooghly, opposite Calcutta, where some 100,000 hands, chiefly recruited from up-country, are employed in the sixty or more mills. The Indian jute industry, centred largely in Bengal, has been beset by troubles of late, and the question of its complete re-organisation has, from time to time, been under consideration

IN TOLEDO'S RUINED ALCAZAR

A Visit of Inspection to the Famous Fortress which Last Year Endured a Siege that will Live in History

By CECIL GERAHTY

STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL: The Alcazar as it is to-day with a large portion of its mighty battlements razed to the ground as a result of the ten weeks' siege it underwent in the early days of the Spanish civil war, when a garrison of 1,400 rebels, including women and children, held out in the place against the relentless attacks of the reds. A view taken from Zocodover Square, revealing towards the top the famous patio, once one of the architectural gems of Spain and now a shambles. *On right*—A close-up taken in the patio showing the only portion of the great colonnade that is still standing

Cecil Gerahty records in the following short article his impressions of the Alcazar as it is to-day and at the same time gives interesting sidelights on life in Toledo under the rebel regime which has been in force there ever since the fortress was relieved. Food is apparently somewhat short, and the hotel accommodation, he indicates, is poor in the extreme

I arrived in Toledo just as the setting sun's last rays were bathing the city in a flood of warm pink light, an impression purely ocular as a bitterly cold wind was wailing mournfully through glass-less windows and down narrow streets.

My hotel (?) was only a few yards from the ruins of the Alcazar, so I used the few remaining minutes of light to scramble to the top of one of the huge heaps of rubble, composed of masonry which had fallen from the upper walls. The four corner towers had disappeared completely and walls had crumbled till the great patio (courtyard) was visible from outside. Where mines had exploded huge masses of masonry had fallen intact and in one case a hole had been pierced in the arched roof of the dungeon where the whole garrison were finally obliged to retreat and live. It all looked too dangerous and forbidding to explore in the twilight.

What a change, when an hour later I strolled down the main street of the town. The narrow way was crowded with soldiers and civilians unperturbed by the cold or the possibility of bombardment from the air. Moors were plentiful, standing hand in hand, as they gazed at the shop windows filled with the local ornamental steelwork or religious pictures, ornaments and charms. Food was limited and untempting so that it was with a rather unsatisfied feeling that I climbed to my top-floor (important point during air-raids) window-glass-less room and lay down on bed-clothes that had apparently not been washed since the red occupation. The central heating was not working and some tea or soup spilt on the mat by the last guest was frozen solid. Breakfast-less, I left this snug retreat early the next morning to give myself time to make a tour of the Alcazar before leaving for the Madrid front.

There was scarcely anyone about as I entered the ruins, which added to the sudden and dramatic effect of the sound of a hymn being played by a brass band in the bowels of the earth. I descended a dark staircase to find a small military band, with a few soldier spectators, playing tribute to the heroism of the garrison, near the scene of its last stand where broken walls opened into a small and low-lying courtyard. I then strolled round the dungeon itself. It was nearly dark and apparently its arched shaped roof followed the plan of the colonnade round the main patio above. I tried to visualise some 800 men, women, and children existing there, unwilling spectators of chloroformless operations, childbirth, and death. I climbed another staircase past doors marked Commandant and Library. There were still books in the latter and through a breach in its wall I looked down on a vast area of rubble beyond which, over burned out cottages, lay the open country towards Madrid.

The reds had destroyed all buildings in the immediate vicinity to prevent secret communication with the besieged. One problem that had worried me was solved, that was how the defenders had escaped destruction by shell fire. The answer was obvious when one saw the immense heaps of rubble that had fallen around the building, so vast and so firmly trodden down that it was impossible to determine where ground level originally was. In the centre of it all a large piece of statuary had fallen right way up from its pedestal, one figure cringing and fallen while the other, a typical Hidalgo, unshaken in courage held out a warning and prophetic finger

THREE ASPECTS OF THE DAMAGE TO THE FORTRESS: *Left*—A statue knocked from its pedestal as a result of concussion set up by a bursting shell. *Centre*—A hole pierced in the arched roof of one of the Alcazar's cellars, where during the last stages of the siege many members of the garrison took refuge. *Right*—Huge masses of masonry such as this were torn from the building as a consequence of the dynamiting activities of the Asturian miners

REFUGEE TYPES OF T

THE PLIGHT OF THE HOMELESS: Three pictures from the southern f
population, 15,000 or more people left their homes and fled northwa
found shelter in over-crowde

THE ARMY

A bold red volunteer sits among the prickly pears — somewhere on the southern front

THE WEARY WANDERER: A little girl, fatigued by the long
some of the few belongings her parents managed to gath
to Valencia, the provisional red capital, where thousands

HE CIVIL WAR: And Other Pictures from the Peninsula

nt where, following General Franco's occupation of Malaga and other important centres of ds, travelling for the most part on foot. *On left*—An aged peasant. *Above*—A family which Valencia. *On right*—Exhausted by the wayside

hours of marching, rests by the roadside and uses as a bed e together before their hasty flight. They were on their way y refugees have congregated during the past few months

Reading a letter from home on board the red battleship *Jaime Primero*

THE NAVY

THE HEART OF THEATRELAND IN GEORGE V's CORONATION YEAR: A scene in Piccadilly Circus just after eleven o'clock in the evening, drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I., for "The Sphere"

Will the Theatre Slump in Coronation Week?

A Vital Question That Managements Are Having to Face

By CHARLES GRAVES

PROBLEM after problem is being provided by the Coronation. Theatre managers are in a particularly anxious frame of mind. They cannot decide whether or not to keep open during Coronation week, though many of them will almost certainly decide to close on May 12 itself. C. B. Cochran will be interested in only one theatre—the Adelphi, where *Home and Beauty* is running. For he has decided not to present his new Tauber-Evelyn Laye show at the Lyceum until after the festivities. "I think it is the duty of managers to keep open if they possibly can," he said; "on the other hand an overhead of £3,000 a week is a serious consideration. At the Adelphi a number of bookings for large parties ranging from sixteen to eighty have been made. These are amateur dramatic clubs from the north of England, and employees of big firms whose directors are giving them the day in London and topping it off with a theatre at night. Actually the Strand will be quite accessible. At the same time, if Monday night proves that the illuminations and the general excitement and anticipation caused by the Coronation empties the theatre, I will have to make a second decision."

The Vaudeville and the Adelphi are the nearest theatres to the processional route which have much hope of doing business. The Gaiety, the Strand, the Aldwych, and the Playhouse should be all right. Theatres, however, in the area round about Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, Oxford Street, and Charing Cross Road have little hope of doing much good. Indeed, it has been estimated for me that the theatres will lose at least £40,000 during Coronation week. This is possibly a conservative estimate. The uninitiated might think that during a time of national rejoicing the theatres would reap the harvest, but the probabilities are directly otherwise. The only possible hope for the theatres is that it will be wet. If it is the crowds may prefer to go into the theatres instead of watching the illuminations. There seems no particular reason why people should go to a theatre because it is Coronation week, for though a visit to the play is a festive occasion—and a fine holiday—there will be such magnificent free shows in the streets that the theatre will seem more artificial than ever. Troops moving about, foreign celebrities, decorations, the floodlighting, and the good old British pastime of standing outside Buckingham Palace and cheering, will all keep people out of doors. The streets in the West End, too, will be crowded. All forms of transport will be jammed, and theatreland, which lies in the heart of the rejoicings, will find that its streets are closed by the police during the greater part of the time.

At the Silver Jubilee of King George V the less knowledgeable managers thought they were in for a boom. Plays were rushed in hurriedly—and theatres were empty. Outside shows, coupled with fine weather, killed the theatre. As I have said, Jubilees, Coronations, and the like are, theatrically speaking, a gamble with the weather. If it is wet it is fine for them; if it is fine it is a disaster. I do not actually know of any managers who are insuring against its being fine. I do not even know whether Lloyd's would accept such an insurance. But it seems a good idea if feasible.

Drury Lane, always the Mecca of visitors from the Colonies, from abroad, and from the provinces, intends to be open on May 12. One single party that has booked for *Careless Rapture* that night numbers 400 people. But it is a poor lookout for all the others. Monday is never a good night; Tuesday will be worse, for even those with seats will have to be up at the crack of dawn, and being already weary will not want to do a show on the Wednesday night; Thursday will probably be devoted to sightseeing; and most of the provincials will clear out on Friday. By Saturday, if it is wet, the theatres may get a chance, but only if it is wet.

Those who remember the Coronation of King George V will remember that business was bad although there was little competition then. And the same applied to the Coronation of King Edward VII, when the popular song of the moment ran

"We'll all be merry
Drinking whisky, wine and sherry;
We'll all be merry
On Coronation Day."

Not a word about the theatre, you will observe.

In the last Coronation even those stubborn successes *Baby Mine* at the Criterion, *The Butterfly on the Wheel* at the Globe, *The Count of Luxembourg* at Daly's, *Peggy* at the Gaiety, *Fanny's First Play* at the Little, *Lady Patricia* at the Haymarket, and *Witness for the Defence* at the St. James's, did practically no business; and in those days cinemas were more or less non-existent and even then catered largely for servant girls. Still more important, there were no newsreel theatres. These are going to enjoy a prodigious boom during Coronation week. As a nation we are becoming more and more a race of sightseers at second hand.

One theatrical manager, I see, has naïvely suggested that on account of the necessity for getting up early on Coronation day many people may want to go to a show and stop up all night. This I very much doubt, and it reminds me of the two theatrical managers having a discussion at the Savoy Grill just before the Wembley Exhibition. They were hardly on speaking terms but had to sit at the same table. One had a show on at the Empire, which had not become a cinema then. He said to the other "Going to be fine for business, this Exhibition, what? 2,000,000 people coming to London." The other did not reply. "2,000,000 people coming to town" repeated the first, "fine for hotels and the show business. Think of it—2,000,000." Still no answer. But he of the Empire persisted. "2,000,000 strangers coming to town—where are they all going to sleep?" "At the Empire" snapped the other, and the conversation ceased.

Personally I think that the Coliseum management might have been well advised to revive *Cavalcade* instead of *The Vagabond King* last week. Patriotic plays have a strong pull on occasions like this. In the old days when a King was crowned the big theatres always put on a Coronation Pageant—their idea of what the coronation of a king looked like. What is more, they put them on for a run. For some reason or another they usually chose the Coronation of Henry VIII. As recently as in May of 1911 a Command performance of *Money* with an all star cast was given for King George and Queen Mary at Drury Lane within ten days of the Coronation. But that is the last time the experiment was risked.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee was a time of national rejoicing, the like of which we will never see again. The Throne stood so high, the event was unique, and there were no cinemas at all. Yet we find that the Covent Garden Opera House, St. James's Theatre (where Sir George Alexander was playing), the Adelphi (where Sarah Bernhardt was appearing), the Gaiety, the Palace, the Court, the Lyceum, the Criterion, the Savoy, and His Majesty's, gave no performances at all. On the other hand, the Shaftesbury, which had a play called *The Yashmak*, written by Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks, gave a special matinee at 4.30, and printed an advertisement saying "Owing to the difficulty there will be in obtaining food on this day, the management has arranged with the Edwardes Menu Company to provide the company attending this matinee with light refreshments at moderate charges."

The Egyptian Hall, then London's home of magic, was closed, so that Mr. Maskelyne could devote his entire attention to the final preparations of the grand pavilion in St. Paul's Churchyard. Drury Lane also appears to have been closed; and so forty years ago some managers had sense and others had not. History seems to be repeating itself. The wise ones realise that the Coronation of King George VI will provide the ever willing British public with a first-class reason for staying away from the theatre. The others are likely to lose money. They ought to be content with the knowledge that for several days before the Coronation, and for some weeks afterwards, theatre business is likely to be excellent. Overseas and foreign visitors will see to that.

THE FILM WORLD ALSO HAS ITS TROUBLES: Last week it was reported that, as a result of Merle Oberon's accident, Alexander Korda (left), who is pictured here with Mary Pickford and Charles Laughton, might have to abandon work on the £100,000 picture *I, Claudius*, as the cast could not be kept together indefinitely

MODISH INFANCY

The Child of To-day Flies and Skis

21,000 MILES IN 21 MONTHS: This is the travel record of little Ann Denholm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Denholm, who in her short career has covered this distance in journeying by land, air and water between her home in California and her grandparents' home in Edinburgh. She is pictured here with an air stewardess after landing at Los Angeles

SWEDEN'S ROYAL BABIES: Princess Sybille (formerly of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha), who married Prince Gustaf-Adolf, heir-presumptive to the Swedish throne, in 1932, seen with her two daughters, 2½-year-old Princess Margaretha and the infant Princess Birgetta. The children's grandfather is Crown Prince Gustave-Adolphe, and their great-grandfather is King Gustave V, who will be celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday this summer

AIR-MINDED: Master John Bathurst well wrapped up before going for a flight at Heston Airport, Middlesex. *On right*—Dr. Wilhelm Frick, German Minister of the Interior, and his small daughter, Renate, enjoying a winter sports holiday at Kempenhausen

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INTRIGUE: Elsa and Derek Burke (played by Antoinette Cellier and Peter Coke) are planning to re-marry their father and mother, who had divorced each other some years before. An incident from *Retreat From Folly*, that successful comedy at the Queen's Theatre, in which Marie Tempest (*below on right*) plays the lead, and, in the true tradition of the stage, is continuing to do so, despite her husband's death

THE LAUNDRY-MAID WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE: This is the part taken by Martha Eggerth in the Cine Alliance film, *Her Greatest Success*—a picture with a commonplace theme, but notable for the outstanding performances of the principals. Co-starring with Martha Eggerth is Leo Slezak, the well-known Viennese operatic singer

On left—ON TOP OF THE FILM WORLD: Paul Muni, Luise Rainer, and Frank Capra with their trophies after being named the winners in the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences contest for the best work done by screen artists in 1936. Muni was given the award for his portrayal of Louis Pasteur, Miss Rainer for her work in *The Great Ziegfeld*, and Capra for his direction of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*

DRAMA *and*

Three Smart Girls and Three Blind Mice: The Apple of Mr. Adam's Eye: Beecham and Weingartner Honoured: A Solo Dance Recital

By PHILIP PAGE

THE new film at the Gaumont, *Three Smart Girls*, is as a story about as sensible as *Three Blind Mice*, and rather less profound. It is, however, quite likely to establish records other than that which it achieved on its special *première*, when a list of social notables present read rather like what I imagine will be the official roll-call of those entitled to sit, duly robed, in a seat of honour in Westminster Abbey on May 12.

So far so good. The three "smart" girls in question should, if I had my way, be made to smart, the proper place for them being, if they were a size or two smaller, face down across the parental knee. In the course of an intolerably complicated plot they try to save their philandering ex father from marrying a "gold-digger," and for that purpose they leave Switzerland, where they have been living with their mother (Miss Alice Brady—good performance) for America. They poke their three noses into everyone else's affairs and make a mess of everything until they are involved in a quite undeserved happy ending.

The film's assets are its slickness and an array of "wisecracks," sometimes difficult for the Anglo-Saxon to construe; the really clever performance of one of the trio, Miss Deanna Durbin, who when she grows up (she is at present at an indeterminate stage) should adopt an easier and more euphonious professional name; and a certain amount of team-work.

A Mystery?—Not in anger nor in envy but in sheer wonderment do I note the aforementioned fashion of not only what in this film would be called "socialites" but literary, political, and scientific celebrities flocking to first performances in cinemas. There is, of course, no reason why they should not. Often, too, there is some charitable scheme behind it all. But these folk, particularly the second section of them, would not surely endure a couple of hours of nit-wittery even in the sacred cause of charity. And a vast percentage of such film entertainment is unquestionably for the nit-witted.

A *Camille* or a *Kermesse Heroïque* stands out in the world of the picture palaces because of its fine qualities; none the less, the surrounding country is, for the most part, flatness itself. Why

FILMS *of the* DAY

does a theatrical "first night" attract not a tenth part of such excitement, fashionable or "highbrow" or both? Do the worthy people whose names appear in a long column of tiny type in the papers the morning after one of these film affairs ever go to the first performance of a new play, or, for that matter, to the theatre at all? I fear that the answer must be that precious few of them do. The first night of a new Lonsdale or Coward play or of a Cochran revue has its fashionable sprinkling no doubt; but the fact remains that no theatrical *première* is nowadays a *function*, as it was when Irving was at the Lyceum, Tree at His Majesty's, and Alexander at the St. James's, and films did not, for practical purposes, exist.

Possibly the theatre (which, whatever the pessimists may say, will never die) would be none the better for such "functions." They are, however, significant—significant of the fact that large gangs of unquestionably important people have switched their allegiance from the theatres to the films, if, indeed, they ever showed any allegiance to the theatre at all. And I do maintain, as this somewhat sermonic discourse draws to a close, that there is in the theatre more material for intelligent enjoyment than in films. I do not want it to be thought that I am pro-theatre or anti-film in any bigoted sense. I have spent many enjoyable hours at the films and many boring hours in theatres. But this marked abstention of wealthy and cultured people (it is even possible to be both) from the theatre is at least worth probing.

"This for Remembrance."—I do not think that the above is a piece which Mr. Ronald Adams (who for some inscrutable reason has put it on at the Embassy Theatre) will care to remember for very long. The Embassy is to Mr. Adam the apple of his eye, and having said of late all sorts of eulogistic things about Mr. Adam's apple (and I meant them) I prefer to regard *This for Remembrance* as one of those lapses which should be pardoned. We have had so much for which we should be grateful to the enthusiastic actor-impresario of Swiss Cottage.

The author of the drama is a German, Herr Urbantschitsch, who shows as little acquaintance with either life, as it really is, or with normal standards of entertainment as an Urban District Council.

Two doctors and the wife of one of them complete the tiny cast. The husband goes to distant parts in search of what I at first gathered to be a lost relative named Auntie Toxin. It wasn't an aunt but a drug. His wife, during his absence, falls in love with the other doctor and he with her; but they are none too sure of it. According to Herr Urbantschitsch, when a woman loves, as she thinks, two men equally well, she should solve the difficulty by doing without both of them and doing herself in. This ninny muddled even her attempt at suicide, for although she actually went to the cupboard to get her poor self some poison, her nerve failed her at the last moment, and so the poor lady-dog had none. The brace of adoring doctors (for the husband had returned) thought, however, that she really had swallowed the stuff and sent for Auntie—the mysterious anti-toxin. Now it seems (and my medical readers, if any, can endorse this) that if you pump an anti-toxin into people who have just taken poison, everything cancels out and all is well. Unfortunately these doctors gave the anti-toxin to a woman who had no connection with poison beyond the fact that she was poisonously exasperating. So they doubled her up for ever. I cannot help thinking that they were not such fools as they seemed. The woman was an outsize in bores.

The part was played by Miss Evira Borota, who brought goodish looks, and a temperament, and a foreign accent to bear on a thankless job. Miss Borota comes from Mittel-Europa and belongs to the Mossheim-Bergner-Mannheim, etc., etc. school, of which she is a not unworthy representative. The present flooding of the English stage with these ladies I would welcome with a less reluctant application of the art-should-have-no-boundaries spirit if somebody could give me the name of one English actress who is playing a leading part, or any part, in Berlin or Vienna.

Mr. Adam showed that if Homer can sometimes nod as a picker of plays he is very wide-awake as an actor. His performance as one of the doctors was altogether admirable.

Argentinita.—In these days when ballet in the grand manner is the rage, when Colonel De Basil and M. René Blum and others bring over large troupes and engage full symphony orchestras to accompany their gyrations, to give a solo dance recital requires some pluck. And when Spanish dances are chosen the pluck is the greater, since that field has been pretty exhaustively exploited.

Madame Argentinita is a somewhat less flamboyant example of her type and is none the worse for that. She does not overdo the foot-stamping and eye-flashing of tradition. Nor does she give us too big a dose of the inevitable castanets. Few things are more annoying than extravagant talk—we have had quite a lot of it within the last week or so—of "the music of the castanets." There is no music whatever in castanets. They are picturesque and inevitable adjuncts of every Spanish dancer, good or bad; they are not particularly difficult to play (that is if you *are* a Spanish dancer); and they are useful in marking rhythm, just as are their near relations, the "bones" of Uncle Sambo's nigger minstrel troupe on Margate sands on August Bank Holiday. But to yammer about the "music" of castanets is just as nonsensical as to talk of the musical quality of a clattering typewriter.

To return to Madame. Her *Mazurka*, intended to be a suggestion of Madrid in 1890, was a masterpiece of quiet methods. Methods rather less quiet would have to be employed to evoke any suggestion of Madrid in 1937. National dances of Spain (which the mazurka most emphatically is not) were given with appropriate fire and sensual allure, but, as I have said, without exaggeration.

Conductors Honoured.—Two great conductors were publicly honoured last week. One, a German, was honoured in London, and the other, an Englishman, was honoured in Paris. In method, temperament, and musical outlook I would find it difficult to imagine two men more wholly unlike. Yet both are at the very top of their profession and I like to think that within 48 hours Sir Thomas Beecham was decorated by the French President with the Legion of Honour in the Paris Opera House and Felix Weingartner received the gold medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society, an ancient and a very high distinction, during a concert at the Queen's Hall in London.

Beecham as a conductor is volatile, dramatic, vivid, and intensely personal. Weingartner is restrained, apparently unemotional, grave, almost austere—but "he gets there just the same." I would sooner hear Beecham deal with opera, Mozart, Delius, Debussy. I would sooner hear Weingartner's readings of Brahms and Beethoven — although a few weeks ago I was fortunate enough to be present at a performance of a Brahms symphony, conducted by Beecham, which was immaculate.

The world of music should indeed be grateful for this "Blest Pair of Sirens."

MERLE OBERON AS MESSALINA in the London Film Production, *I, Claudius*, directed by Josef von Steinberg and based on the novel of the same name by Robert Graves. Owing to the motor accident in which Miss Oberon was involved last week, it was stated at the time that production might have to be abandoned on the picture

IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS: Caligula (Emlyn Williams), who believes that he has become a god, summons Claudius (Charles Laughton) to his presence to observe the amazing change. One of the opening episodes in the London film *I, Claudius*

ANOTHER BEN TRAVERS COMEDY: Ralph Lynn (who plays no fewer than four separate parts) and Joan Marion in *Valour*—a new picture produced under the direction of Tom Walls and presented for the first time at the New Gallery last week

REMOVAL OF A CHARITY: At a recent sitting of the London Consistory Court at St. Paul's Cathedral permission was granted for the demolition of this chapel belonging to the Journeyman Tailors Benevolent Institution as it was agreed by the Court that it no longer served a useful purpose in view of the institution's removal to a site near Croydon. The question of the disposal of the memorial windows has created something of a problem, however, and it has been decided that before anything is done in the matter the wishes of descendants of those commemorated shall be consulted. It is probable that they may find a place in one of the new churches now rising on the fringe of London

BUST OF THE FOUNDER: John Stulz, who in 1837 brought into being the Journeyman Tailors' Benevolent Institution

THE CHAPEL AND ALMSHOUSES OF THE JOURNEYMAN TAILORS: The Chancellor of the Consistory Court in giving judgment on the question of the chapel's demolition said that there was no more difficult problem in ecclesiastical law than ascertaining the exact status of the numerous Church of England chapels which were scattered all over the country. There were free chapels, parochial chapels, chapels of ease, proprietary chapels, private chapels, and many others which it was really quite impossible to classify

The Problem of a Private Chapel

The WORLD of BOOKS

Bernard Falk Tells the Story of the Queensberrys: Webb Miller Recounts His Journalistic Adventures

By VERNON FANE

IN the bold, bad, and remarkably licentious days of the late eighteenth century there flourished a millionaire duke. He was famous for his rank and riches, and notorious for the scope of his *amours*. Caricaturists cherished him, since his powerful nose and prognathous jaw made him an easy target for their wit, and the scandalous escapades which rightly or wrongly were attributed to him made excellent copy for the sensational Press of the day.

He was "Old Q," the Duke of Queensberry, and one of the strangest characters in the history of the British peerage. His immediate descendants, or rather such of them as rumour and the evidence of personal likeness attributed to him, inherited his eccentricities and it is certainly "the history of a strange family" that Mr. Bernard Falk has chosen for his new biography.

Since, as Mr. Falk reasonably reminds us, a book must have a title, he has chosen **"OLD Q'S" DAUGHTER** (Hutchinson. 18s.) as some kind of guide to the contents of his new book. It is not a biography, but five biographies, linked together and dominated by the figure of their subjects' distinguished ancestor.

As a starting point Mr. Falk takes the affair which the Duke of Queensberry had with an Italian beauty, the Marchesa Fagnani who, some time after their meeting, gave birth to a daughter. The parentage of this child was ascribed to more than one well-known man by the wags of the day, but as she grew up her character, and more than anything her face and her whole appearance proclaimed her a true daughter of Old Q who was at that time the Earl of March. Little Mie-Mie was brought up in a haphazard way, mainly by George Selwyn, a famous wit "whose interest in the children of his friends had grown into a byword." Mie-Mie was no exception and in her case interest grew into a life-long devotion which, the author notes with distress, was not returned by a spoilt ward.

In all this Mr. Falk takes the view that Mie-Mie's parentage was proved beyond doubt, and dismisses contemporary doubts as unimportant.

As the girl grew up her affection for her long-suffering guardian grew, if anything, less, and most of her time was spent with her *père occulte* and with his doubtful friends. She was never a beauty, but she had fine eyes, great vivacity, and an unfailing popularity amongst men. At the age of twenty-seven she married Lord Yarmouth, heir to the Marquess of Hertford, and her junior by six years. This marriage, which was a very brilliant one from Mie-Mie's point of view, was largely engineered by Old Q himself, as the young man was already on excellent terms with her, and saw no necessity for marriage.

After two years an heir was born, and shortly after that husband and wife decided to go their own ways, Lady Yarmouth moving to the more congenial surroundings of Paris, where in the ensuing years she was credited with a great variety of lovers. In 1805 she gave birth to another son, to be known as Lord Henry Seymour, but whose real father was probably a Count Casimir de Montrond, a friend of Talleyrand. In this instance again Mr. Falk makes a good case of disproving other suggestions about the child's parentage.

In 1810 Old Q died, and Lord and Lady Yarmouth and their children were left as much as £900,000, which might be taken as fairly adequate proof of Mie-Mie's own parentage. In 1824 there was a new arrival in Lady Yarmouth's, now Lady Hertford's, Paris establishment; a six-year-old boy known to the world at large as Richard Jackson, and to Mie-Mie as "my dear nephew."

There is a possibility that this boy, who was later to become Sir Richard Wallace, was in fact Mie-Mie's grandson, the child of her elder son and a Scotswoman called Agnes Jackson. If this is so, and Mr. Falk confidently asserts that it is, then young Lord Yarmouth must have become a father at the age of eighteen. In any case the boy became a permanent member of the household, and was devoted to his aunt-grandmother to the day of her death.

Few families can have had ramifications and complications of this type, and in the case of the Hertfords and Wallace the situation was further complicated by the vast sums of money which were constantly in question. Relationships had to be proved and disproved innumerable times before the Hertford millions and the Queensberry millions could be enjoyed by their legatees.

To all this confusion Mr. Falk brings clear thinking and a determined point of view, and it says a great deal for the strength of his arguments that in such controversial matters he should inspire such conviction. With the possible exception of Sir Richard Wallace there is nothing admirable in the characters he has chosen to reconstruct, and wisely he admits it. But these characters are credible, they have life, and his evocation of the early nineteenth century in Paris is particularly effective. It is a kind of "omnibus" book of biographies, and an immensely readable one, as one has learned to expect from this author's work.

With the next book we find ourselves back on the doorstep of our own times, with an ugly bundle of trouble, significantly labelled **I FOUND NO PEACE** (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.).

Mr. Webb Miller's inability to find peace is herein recorded in his experiences as an American correspondent in Europe from the War (still spelled with a capital W) onwards. Actually he begins with the (in this country) comparatively little-known dust-up with Pancho Villa in Mexico in 1916, and he ends with Franco's troops in the Spanish civil war.

Naturally he found no peace. It wasn't his job. Peace is not news and passeth the understanding of news editors. The War to end war was finished, but newspaper readers cried for blood. We must "cover" the execution of Landru. We do; and how. Soon we are chasing the Riff, observing the benefits of European civilisation being conferred upon Northern Africa. Inevitably we are closeted with Gandhi, watching British Imperialism being baffled and bluffed.

Back again to Africa, for there is no peace, this time with Mussolini's legions, out to confer inestimable benefits upon the misguided inhabitants of Abyssinia. Significantly we find ourselves, in Spain and in Abyssinia, viewing events from the side of the aggressors, as "likely to be more productive from the journalistic standpoint." Also we can afford to be matey towards Mussolini, for wasn't he a fellow journalist at the Cannes Conference in 1922?

It is all here, the agony and bloodshed, the bunglings and intriguings of European "statesmen" during the past twenty years, the only notable exception being Soviet Russia. It is set down, moreover, with all the picturesque skill and perspicacity of an American newspaper correspondent

WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE (Geoffrey Bles 12s. 6d.) is the title of his book of reminiscences which occurred to the author, Mr. Herbert Swears, "as I wended my way homeward on a misty afternoon in December 1933." Mr. Swears was making for the last time a routine journey after the day's work from the Bank of England to his home in Westminster. "The cage door was open. I was a bird set free."

His service with the Bank of England was a long one, for his entry into what I am sure he would call that noble edifice was as far back as 1886. The pages he devotes to the Bank of England and the personalities who ruled there in those days have an interesting touch, and are certainly not overshadowed by the cavalcade of politicians, authors, artists, journalists, famous social figures, actors, and actresses who crowd in upon the rest of his narrative.

Mr. Swears moved much in theatrical circles; and there is scarcely a famous actor of his generation whom he did not know intimately. He was also a prime mover in some of the early play-producing societies, which, as he points out, were almost unknown fifty years ago. These activities brought him in touch with such famous men of the theatre as J. T. Grein, Granville Barker, and Robert Farquharson. The history of the productions, with their listed casts of the pioneers, contain many

(Continued on page 516)

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—THIS SLIDING ON WOOD. By Bernard Henry. 6s. ALLEN & UNWIN.—THE FRENCH WAR MACHINE By Shelby Cullom Davis. 8s. 6d. THE MAKER OF MODERN JAPAN: THE LIFE OF TOKUGAWA IEYASU. By A. L. Sadler. Illustrated. 16s. APPLETON.—AS OF THE GODS. By Rollo Walter Brown. 7s. 6d. BARKER.—HIS WAS THE KINGDOM. By Frank Owen and R. J. Thompson. 2s. 6d. BELL.—COLONEL'S LADY. By Leonora Starr. 7s. 6d. THE FAMILY SKELETON. By Esther Tyler. 7s. 6d. MURDER ON MANŒUVRES. By S. C. Mason. 7s. 6d. SPORTING PRINT. By Gus March-Phillipps. 7s. 6d. THE HAVANA HOTEL MURDERS. By Frank Dudley. 7s. 6d. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.—ITALY'S CONQUEST OF ABYSSINIA. By Major E. W. Polson Newman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—GOOD FOOD FROM ITALY: A RECEIPT BOOK. By Countess Morphy. 5s. CAMBRIDGE.—DAVID OF CAMBRIDGE: SOME APPRECIATIONS. 1s. 6d. COLLINS.—THREE CEDARS. By Ursula Bloom. 7s. 6d. MERCY LANE. By Alan Gould. 7s. 6d. POISON IVY. By Peter Cheyney. 7s. 6d. BOLINGBROKE. By Sir Charles Petrie. 12s. 6d. THE STAFF AT SIMSON'S. By Frederick Niven. 7s. 6d. POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY. By Rupert Penny. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—ICY HELL: Experiences of a News Reel Cameraman in the Aleutian Islands, Eastern Siberia, and the Arctic Fringe of Alaska. By Will E. Hudson. Illustrated. 10s. DENT.—THE PICNIC. By Martin Boyd. 7s. 6d. MEN WITHOUT MERCY. By Alfred Doblin. 8s. 6d. THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER. By George Orwell. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. NO GREEN PASTURES. By Jean Barclay Low. 7s. 6d. I FOUND NO PEACE: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent. By Webb Miller. 12s. 6d. AROUSE AND BEWARE. By MacKinlay Kantor. 7s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—SECRETS OF AN ART DEALER. By James H. Duveen Illustrated. 15s.

DOMINANT DETAILS

ORIENTAL DRAPERIES. Nobody can twist and mould silk jersey as Alix does. One of her loveliest dresses is seen at the head of this page. Egyptian in inspiration, it is shaded from the darkest bronze green to a subtle olive shade, the folds coerced into sculptural symmetry

SINGLE-MINDED ACCESSORIES. Creed gives an air of charming irresponsibility to a classically perfect suit that has a chamois coloured whipcord jacket and a brown wool skirt. One side of the collar and revers is brown, and the two gloves are in different colours

TRANSPARENT JACKETS. Practically every designer is stressing the piquancy of delicate organzas, plainly tailored. On the far right is Lucile Paray's black organza jacket, mounted on white piqué and bordered with white bands, worn with a black crêpe skirt

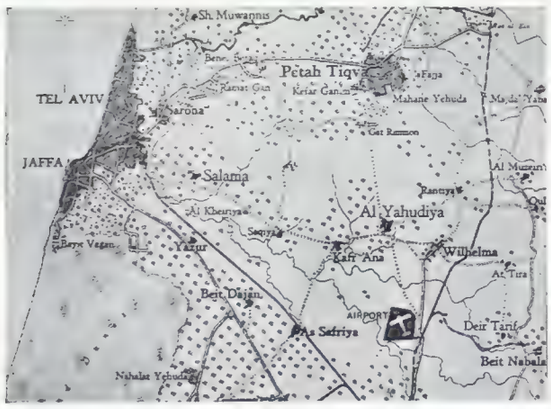
WINGED VICTORIES. Mainbocher uses silver and white cloqué lamé for the romantic dress in the picture on the right, with softly folded wings on the corsage, and a moulded waistline. The second frock is of pale blue crêpe, with a stiffened basque and soaring wings on the shoulders. Notice his single rows of large pearls, and the large winged brooch marking the pointed neckline

Palestine's New Airport

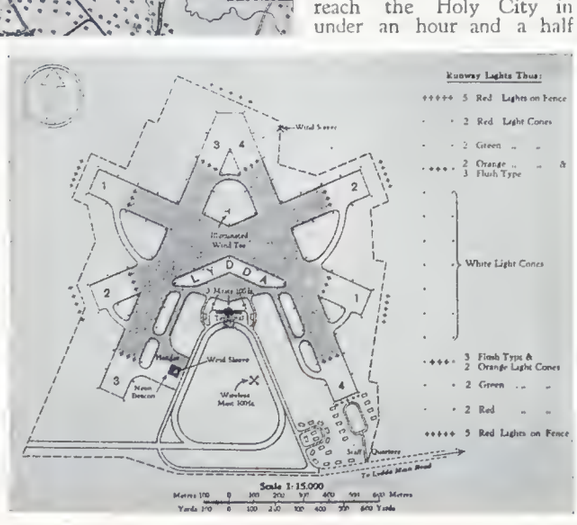
AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE NEAR EAST: An impression of Palestine's new airport at Lydda where construction work is now proceeding apace. Already the concrete all-weather runways are open to traffic and the foundations of the terminal building are being prepared

IN PORT: A K.L.M. air liner, operating on the Holland-Dutch East Indies service, at rest in the centre of the concrete runway after landing at Lydda and disembarking passengers. The Dutch machines make four calls a week there, two of them outward and two inward bound

THE GREAT HANGAR AT LYDDA with accommodation for quite a number of large air-liners. Standing in the centre on the left is Mr. D. W. Gumbley, who is in charge of the building work



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A map showing the position of the flying field in relation to Jaffa. *On right* — The lay-out of the aerodrome with the terminal building set in the angle between the concrete runways



In the course of the next few years, Lydda, hitherto known as a busy railway junction, is likely to loom large in the public eye, for the airport there—at present only partially completed though in use—is destined to be one of the best equipped in the Near East. At the moment it is being used by the Dutch air liners as a stopping place on the East Indies service, while in April it will become the eastern terminus of the tri-weekly Poland – Palestine service. The all-weather concrete landing and taking-off runways have been built on the most modern plan under the direction of Mr. D. W. Gumbley, and in another year a handsome terminal building will rise on the site with every convenience for passengers and for handling traffic. A road has been built from the airport to link with the main Jerusalem highway, and passengers disembarking at Lydda will reach the Holy City in under an hour and a half

BRITISH SHIPPING ON THE MEND

Idle Vessels Go Back into Commission and the Number Laid Up is Reduced to 1.9 Per Cent. of the Total Tonnage on Lloyd's Register

ON March 14 the cargo steamer *Scottish Minstrel* said good-bye to Bideford. With Captain MacDougal on the bridge she steamed out of the mouth of the River Torridge on her way to Birkenhead for re-fitting before returning to active service on the highways of the Seven Seas. This unromantic departure of a humble cargo boat from a North Devon estuary may seem an event of little importance, but it is symbolic of the remarkable revival in British shipping. Six years ago there were thirty vessels lying off Bideford, rusting on their moorings, peopled only by caretakers, sad evidence of the economic crisis and slump. To-day, with the *Scottish Minstrel* sailed, the river mouth is empty of idle ships. All have gone back into commission or to the breakers' yards under the "scrap-and-build" scheme.

To go from west to east, I stood last Sunday on the banks of the River Blackwater in Essex. The last time I sailed round from Pin Mill and up the river to Tollesbury, in the autumn of 1932, we were kept busy dodging the liners and cargo steamers that were laid up there, funnels smokeless, sides streaked with rust. There was a score of them in this not very large river; on Sunday there were only two. And all round our coasts, up the Dart, at Swansea, Liverpool, and London Docks, up the Tyne and the Fal and at Barrow the story is the same, fewer and fewer idle ships, fewer merchant officers and seamen "on the beach."

Figures in this case can be more eloquent than words, and the following table best can tell the story of British shipping's decline and recovery. It shows the numbers and tonnage of ships laid up in British ports and rivers at various times since 1924:—

Year (month of January).	*Number of Laid-up Ships.*	*Tonnage.*
1924	317	629,673
1926	259	407,664
1929	166	329,771
1931	665	1,593,247
1932 (October)	871	2,181,695
1934	482	1,239,550
1935	323	878,416
1936	188	435,586
1937 (January 1)	121	212,435

The number of British vessels laid up to-day represents approximately 1·9 per cent. of the total tonnage of British shipping on Lloyd's Register and only 0·8 per cent. are ships less than ten years old. The total for January 1 includes nine foreign vessels laid up in British ports, so the number of our crewless idle ships is approximately 112, or less than one-seventh of the total recorded in that fateful autumn of 1932. At that time thirty-six out of every 100 British seamen were idle, and grim distress walked the streets of trim little houses in Liverpool, Penarth, and Totton, where so many merchant officers have their homes. To-day the percentage of idle seamen has fallen to twenty-four—a rate still far too large—and many more officers' wives are getting mail from overseas.

Because of the great reduction in idle tonnage it must not be assumed that British shipping has yet embarked upon a new prosperity or that it has conquered the menace of heavily subsidised foreign shipping. Complete figures are not yet available, but something like 600 British ships have been broken up since the beginning of 1932 and others have been sold to foreign owners. It is unquestionable, however, that the Government subsidy, first granted in 1935, and the "scrap-and-build" policy has saved our shipping industry from falling into a decline from which there might have been no recovery, and has brought about real and substantial improvement in shipbuilding

Once again the figures speak for themselves. In December, 1933, there were ninety ships of 332,000 tons under construction in British yards. The percentage of shipbuilding berths idle was 79, and that of workless shipyard hands 54. The number of ships launched in 1933 was 108. In September, 1936, the latest month for which authoritative details are available, there were 219 ships building of 929,000 tons; 49 per cent. of the berths and 30 per cent. of the shipyard workers were idle; and the number of ships launched in the first three-quarters of the year was 233.

The tramp-shipping subsidy has been renewed, but we still have to face intense competition from foreign lines with far heavier subsidies, notably in the Pacific. American ships have captured important mail contracts, as have Italian on the South African routes, while the Japanese are securing an ever-increasing proportion of the Indo-Japanese trade. Round our own shores foreign coasting motor-vessels, the majority of which are Dutch, have ousted British ships in this important trade. Laid up in the ports around our coasts are no fewer than sixty-two of those small stumpy vessels, so familiar to seaside visitors, while smart grey-painted Dutch motor-vessels come up the Thames and other rivers on every tide. If you go to Poole you can see them loading clay, which they will carry via the Mersey to the Potteries to be made into Coronation mugs.

At the present time, when national defence and what Sir William Beveridge has so aptly called the "home front" are questions of vital importance, it should be remembered that in spite of the recovery in the shipping industry and the building of many new vessels the present volume of British tramp tonnage is far from adequate for our national needs. A great deal indeed, remains to be done before British merchant shipping can re-establish that supremacy that is so vital to our national security. As the Tramp Shipping Administrative Committee very pertinently pointed out in its recent Report, more than a few months' or even a few years' prosperity will be required to enable shipping to recover from the state of exhaustion it had reached in 1931 and 1932. There are over £10,000,000 arrears of depreciation to be earned "if the tramp section of the Mercantile Marine is to be maintained at least at its present strength as an efficient asset in the national system of defence and economy."

J. Baker White

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CRADLED IN CAPTIVITY

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING: The wart hog, a diminutive but typically grotesque member of the boar family, comes down to the pool to drink his fill. This species, which is still present all over Africa, though far from plentiful in Cape Province, is notable for its enormous upper tusks which are often as much as 11 ins. long. At night it usually sleeps in an ant-bear hole which it enlarges

A Notable Week in the ART WORLD

A Possible Franz Hals in the Auction Room and Other Sale News

"A Portrait of a Man in Black Coat with White Ruffle" was the catalogue description of a picture which appeared in the first of a three days' sale of the contents of Nonsuch Park, Cheam, Surrey, held by

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THE END OF A CHAPTER: The catalogue giving notification of last week's sale at the Reynolds Galleries, 47, Leicester Square, when the property, trade name, and goodwill of the famous firm of Puttick and Simpson were put up to auction. The passing of this old-established concern in its present form is a matter of the very keenest regret to London art lovers

Messrs. Lofts and Warner last week. It was not attributed to any particular artist; but when it was put up the auctioneer, Mr. H. L. Small, stated that his firm believed it to be the work of Franz Hals. The dealers present thought it to be a work of some importance, for it received an opening bid of 500 guineas. Exciting bidding followed, and the three-quarter length portrait was eventually knocked down to Mr. Arthur de Casseres, the St. James's Street dealer, for 12,100 guineas. The underbidder was a representative of Messrs. Vicars, of Old Bond Street.

There was also another notable event in the salerooms last week, when the final sale took place in the Leicester Square auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. This old-established firm, dating from 1794, has for many long years held its sales in the famous house which was once the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The entrance hall and the wide staircase have remained to the last exactly as Sir Joshua knew them, though the studio to which the lovely ladies climbed to sit for their portraits vanished some time ago. And now the whole house is to be demolished, and another interesting link with eighteenth-century London will disappear, to make way for a new building addition for the Automobile Association. The trade name and goodwill of the famous firm of Puttick and Simpson were offered for sale.

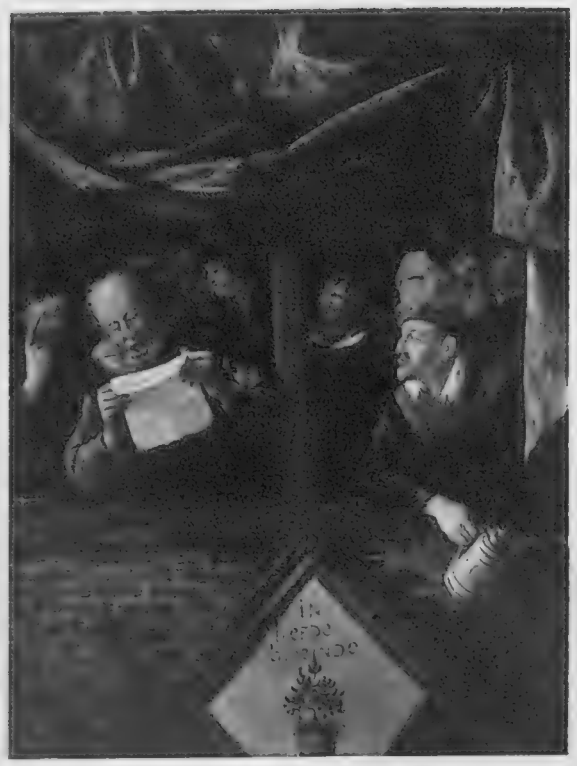
Quite a number of Dutch and Flemish paintings will come into the market during the month of April. On the 19th of the month the small collection of paintings, forming part of the property, will be dispersed from 148, Piccadilly by order of Mr. Victor Rothschild, to be sold on the premises by Messrs. Sotheby. There is an attractive winter scene by Nicholas Berchem, and a quiet courtyard scene by Pieter de Hooch. There are also two paintings by Gabriel Metsu, the more striking being the standing portrait of a lady richly clad in white satin.

(*Continued on page* 508)

FROM A ROTHSCHILD TOWN HOUSE: "A Dutch Courtyard" (*left*), by Pieter de Hooch, the master whose works are brilliant records of everyday life in seventeenth-century Holland, and (*right*) "The Lady in White Satin," by Gabriel Metsu, a painter of versatility, who was equally at home in representing scenes of low life or drawing-room studies. These two works are both included in the forthcoming sale by order of Mr. Victor Rothschild of the contents of 148, Piccadilly

WONDERS OF No. 148, PICCADILLY: The library (*left*) containing some remarkable eighteenth-century furniture, and (*right*) the grand staircase, reflecting a more flamboyant style in Mr. Victor Rothschild's house, the entire contents of which are to be disposed of in the house by Messrs. Sotheby in a four-day sale beginning on April 19

THE ART OF ALBERT CUYP: This canvas entitled "A View on the Dort" is included in the collection of pictures by old masters, the property of Captain E. N. F. Loyd, which was removed from Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts, and is to be offered at Christie's on April 30. Cuyp held a high place in the estimation of English connoisseurs in the eighteenth century and it is for this reason that he is so well represented in many collections in England. He was essentially a naturalistic painter, his subjects being for the most part the cows and herdsmen of his own countryside. He also excelled in seascapes



MASTERPIECES FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES: Two canvases from the collection of pictures owned by Captain E. N. F. Loyd to be sold at Christie's on Friday, April 30. *Above*—"A Family Party" by Pieter de Hooch and *(on right)* "The Rhetorician" by Jan Steen, one of the greatest of all the Dutch genre painters

ART NEWS

(Continued from p. 507)

Another collection with a very wide interest will be dispersed by Messrs. Christie on the last day of next month. This collection was formed by the late Mr. Lewis Loyd about the middle of the nineteenth century. Nearly every canvas has some small quality of charm. There are two attractive Cuyps, "The Halt of the Sporting Party" and "A View on the Dort." There is a delicious interior by Pieter de Hooch, entitled "A Family Party" with every detail of Dutch domestic life. The nurse is holding up the baby for the inspection of the mother while the father, wearing a huge hat, is seated in the shadow. The architectural treatment is particularly felicitous. Jan Steen's "Rhetorician" is a composition full of no little humour. One has a close-up view of a window with an elderly bearded burgher apparently reading an address.

A collection also of very wide interest will be dispersed on May 28 at Christie's salerooms. The late Dr. Leonard Gow, of Dumbartonshire, had very catholic tastes, but he does not seem to have made mistakes, whether buying the works of living Scottish artists or the work of an old master. One of the most striking canvases in the collection is the portrait of Lord Delamere by Sir Peter Lely.

Messrs. Sotheby issued a remarkably fine catalogue of the Aldenham Library, the disposal dates of which were Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week. As a record of a very fine collection of illuminated manuscripts and early printed books, it will itself be treasured by the collector. There were some excellent lots in the collection, notably a Latin Psalter of the thirteenth century, bound in old green velvet on thick wooden boards; the upper side exhibited a strikingly designed Limoges *champs levé* enamel book-cover with a figure of Christ on the Cross in the centre with supporting figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John. A fourteenth-century illuminated manuscript, probably from Liége, contains some miniatures of a very high order of draughtsmanship; but the item which the wise collector will most have desired was No. 79, "A Dyetary of Helth," by one Andrew Boorde, with woodcuts illustrating Galen writing a book, and St. John his Gospel.

A Paris Discovery.—Georges de la Tour, the seventeenth-century painter of the School of Realism in France, is an obscure artist whose work has been greatly drawing the attention of art experts and historians during the past two or three years. If the historians have succeeded in discovering a few more facts concerning his little-known life, the experts have been no less active in discovering one or two unknown paintings by him.

The remarkable portrait of a conjurer (reproduced on this page), by Georges de la Tour, has just been discovered by M. André Seligmann of Paris. It is an unknown work and has never been published.

This portrait is an unusual work for La Tour. His subjects were nearly always depicted as religious types of pallid countenance. In this portrait, as in most of his paintings, the predominating tone is a sombre grey-brown; actually the colour of the costumes of the period. The pronounced physiognomy of the conjurer is of special interest. Whereas the hands and the lower part of the face are ashen grey, the large nose and swollen eyes are painted a contrasting red. It almost seems as if la Tour has chosen his subject on account of his unusual appearance. This facial inflammation is a rare and little heard of malady called electropion.

This is a monumental work worthy to be placed in any of the great museums as a rare example of the little-known art of Georges de la Tour.

DOCTORS CONVERSING: A woodcut from the extremely rare first edition of the *Dyetary of Helth* compiled by Andrew Boorde and printed by Robert Wyer in about the year 1542. It was included in last week's sale of books and MSS. belonging to the Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham

FULL PAGE MINIATURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION: This illuminated manuscript on vellum, with exquisitely painted figures at the foot of the cross, was another item in the Aldenham collection

"LA VIERGE AUX CONSEILLERS": Officials preparing to place in position the giant altar-piece by Luis de Daimau, which is one of the principal items in the Exhibition of Catalan Art at the Musée du Jeu de Paume in Paris, a display that has a certain topical attraction among many left-wing Parisians whose sympathies lie with the Catalans in the present great struggle in Spain

"THE CONJURER": This rare example of the little-known art of Georges de la Tour, the seventeenth-century painter of the School of Realism in France, has just been brought to light by M. André Seligmann, the noted French collector

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BELGIUM'S BATTLE ROYAL

(Continued from page 482)

Incidentally, the Government hastily passed a law making any such intrusive election as the present impossible ever again hereafter. The fight is *now*. What is happening—the brutal interruption of national evolution in Belgium—is anathema to Paul van Zeeland who not only has no party but has never been in Parliament and would gladly return to his banking to-morrow. The most disinterested statesman in Europe, by long chalks. He came "to do a technical operation," as he himself put it, came for one year only, and wanted to depart last April but was persuaded to stay, not least by King Leopold. But Mr. van Zeeland is already too well known in England for further words here. The Premier stands for Democracy, Modesty, Integrity, the Human Mind. He is as against "rule from Moscow" as could be any dozen Degrelles, since he is, among other things, a devout Catholic, the father of a growing family out Boitefort way. He studied at Harvard; was captured in one of the first actions of the war and twice tried to escape, being finally repatriated from Switzerland, in 1918, in pretty bad state. They had put him in the worst camps, "to learn him." So that Paul van Zeeland is well grounded to be an all-for-Belgium patriot, as indeed he is.

This is not the occasion to burrow into new Locarnos or into changed Belgian wishes, the desire to be guaranteed in the future but no longer to guarantee. Only need it be said that the Premier is as keen on a change from what has been, as are most others. He likes England greatly and would never let us down. At the same time he has got to run a seething little country of 8,000,000 whose several parties may well be tugging in different directions yet which as a whole is dead set on a change of international policy as regards Belgium's position. The Belgians want to "get outside it," even as the Dutch and Swiss have seemingly contrived to do. Geographically it is more difficult, yet the Belgians think they have a pretty good argument. They say roughly:—

"We have rearmed so as to become much stronger, defensively. We want no one—no one—in or over our territory. Our 'wholly and exclusively Belgian policy' is to go for anyone who violates our soil or air. For our part, we promise all our neighbours that none shall be allowed to do this. What more can they want? We are standing between Germany and France and vice versa. Much the same as regards England and others. And Holland, too.

"We shall honour our obligations until these become modified, but modified they *shall be*. We know it is no light matter for a small country to hope to isolate itself from war by simple gesture of armed self-reliance. We realise that it will be a set-back for some, notably those who had hoped to get a start in the air by having air bases in Belgium. Well, that will all have to be thresned out.

"What we intend at all costs to avoid is being dragged into such a conflict as might arise through France honouring the Soviet Pact. Nor should we allow the French to march through Belgium in aid of Czechoslovakia.

"We were neutral before. We realise it did not save us from invasion. But in the present type of world, when sovereign countries can still be overrun with impunity and their citizens massacred, we would prefer to revert to something approaching our old style rather than to pin our faith to parchments that seem to be more scraps of paper than ever in the past. Remember that we lost the two things we most relied on in Locarno and the likelihood of efficacious League protection."

One honestly believes the above approximates to what Paul van Zeeland is likely to say over the green baize, once he has emerged from his approaching trial of strength. What his opponent would have to say, if *he* emerged successful, need hardly be enlarged upon. A victorious Degrelle would march direct towards "the Berlin-Rome axis." We are all in on this election, first free electoral showdown between Fascism and Democracy. Even a Degrelle increasing, say, to round 100,000 votes, would constitute a positive fresh embarrassment to the democratically-minded countries, since such total would imply perhaps 500,000 Fascists throughout the small, so strategically situate land.

One further angle to *le grand match* requires to be noted. On the sidelines a new form of National Socialism is heralded by Foreign Minister Spaak and Labour Minister de Man throwing over the old international Socialists of Vandervelde and by their seeking to found a younger movement based on a Belgium greatly freed of religious antagonisms, of the class war, and of a Marxism considered to be leading but to error. The advance of this National Socialism (nothing whatever to do with Nazi-ism) could not do other than invite a victorious Van Zeeland further along that new road towards a stronger, more independent Belgium.

WEATHER-DEFYING CARS OF TO-DAY

The R.A.C. Hastings Rally Evidences that the Modern Motor Car is Proof Against the Most Fearsome of Climatic Conditions

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE R.A.C. Rally which recently concluded at Hastings certainly showed that the modern motor car cannot be stopped by the worst of weather. Only about ten cars out of practically 200 failed to come through. When the almost Arctic conditions are remembered it is little short of amazing that there were so few casualties, and it must not be forgotten that the competitors had to maintain an average speed of 24 m.p.h., which is not so simple as might appear at first sight. That average has to be kept up by night as well as by day, and so all meal-times and any minutes snatched for sleep mean that an extra burst of speed is required to make up for that lost time. Although the weather did not succeed in its battle against the individual competitor, it compelled the organisers to alter their plans. On the Thursday, when the competitors were arriving at Hastings, the sea was breaking over the front to such an extent that the R.A.C. had to make a slight alteration in their plans for the first test. On the next day the wind and the sea were even more truculent and the promenade became quite impossible as the scene of any serious test. The R.A.C. were not to be blamed in this matter because they have always asked year by year for information about tides, and in this particular instance their inquiries were very definite, but strange to relate seaside corporations seldom seem able to obtain any reliable information regarding tide conditions in their own districts.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS: An 8-h.p. Ford ploughing through the flood waters on the London-Cambridge road near Stretham during last week's serious flooding in the Fen country

The driving tests staged on the Thursday, but more particularly on the Friday, showed spectators that quite a number of people, in fact many who are considered experts make a very poor showing when asked to reverse round an obstacle. There were some appalling displays, though on the first day competitors, no doubt, had the excuse, and a perfectly genuine one, that they were dog-tired after a long strenuous drive. On the following day Friday, however, the only excuse that can possibly be put forward was stage fright, yet some of the drivers who gave such a pathetic exhibition have had quite a lot of experience of competition work.

The weather again compelled the change of plans on the Saturday, when the Coachwork Competition was held. Owing to the rain and the sea the competing cars had to be marshalled and judged under the sheltering roof of Hastings underground garage. This year the competing cars were much more sober, if I may use the word, than on previous occasions The colour schemes were definitely more subdued and on the cars in the class which I judged I found remarkably few exciting gadgets. This perhaps is not to be wondered at, because year by year the standard equipment of cars becomes more comprehensive, and so there is less for the enthusiastic owner to add. The only two extras which I came across, and which are worthy of mention, were an interior heater and an electrically operated rear blind. The former consists of a small water radiator fed from the main cooling water circulation system, and behind this small radiator an electric fan is fitted which pushes air through the radiator into the inside of the body. On two or three cars some of this hot air was led through pipes up to the top of the dashboard, where it could impinge on the inside of the windscreen and so prevent mist and ice forming on the glass. I can well imagine that the occupants of cars fitted with these heaters derived full benefit from them during the Rally. The electrically operated blind commended itself to me because I find that the ordinary method of operation is highly unsatisfactory. Personally, I never like to have the rear blind obscuring the window unless a faster car is coming up behind and dazzling me with its headlights. It is then that I fumble about feeling round the roof, usually behind one's head, looking for the knob which has to be pulled, frequently with considerable force, in order to obscure the back light. As the position of this control has, of necessity, to be awkwardly placed, a blind which carries out one's bidding after just pressing a neat button on the dashboard will certainly commend itself to most people. One push on the button sends the blind up and the next push on the same button makes the blind go down. There is no noise and there are fewer cords showing than in the usual arrangement.

Whilst at Hastings I had occasion one afternoon to go over to Eastbourne. My return journey had to be carried out when it was dark and, although I took average care to stick to the direct road between Eastbourne and Hastings I lost myself on more than one occasion. This straying from the proper path was due entirely to inadequate signposting. In some parts of the country a driver frequently comes across a really good signpost, perhaps with the name of the place shining out in the darkness thanks to reflecting mirrors. On this particular South Coast road the signposting is definitely Victorian, yet I should imagine that quite a number of strangers wish to find their way between these two important sea-side resorts, and I would not mind betting that a large proportion of them lose themselves as I did. Surely it is time that the signposting on main roads was brought thoroughly up to date. The work is undoubtedly going on but it is proceeding too slowly. By the time that the lanes and byways are tackled those of us who are alive will be screaming for signs that we can read from the air. There is much to be said for the numbering of our roads but it will take more than a generation for the travelling public to learn to distinguish their highways by letters and numerals rather than by place names. The whole benefit, therefore, of a well placed good-sized signpost which tells you that the road on the left is A321 is lost, because instead of obtaining the information required as the car speeds along the driver has to slow down to a crawl in order to read the microscopically printed name under the huge numerals. If the officials in the Ministry of Transport were to drive their own cars along the highways they would soon have these signposts altered.

A CAR WITH A PEDIGREE: The 1937 model of the popular Rover Twelve Sports saloon. This car can be obtained in any one of a wide range of colour finishes and is well known not only for its outstanding performance but for the completeness of its appointments and equipment

IT does not seem to be generally known that the engine exchange plan devised by the Ford Motor Company Limited has been extended to other parts and assemblies in the car. Ford dealers are equipped and stocked to handle exchange of many factory reconditioned units. The owner is saved a good deal of money and time by this exchange method.

This England . . .

Winkworth, Surrey

". . . the Daffodil, that comes before the swallow dares, and braves the winds of March with beauty." Ahead lies open weather, and the lovely garden that is this England is astir with nascent colour. Bird music swells in copse and brake, and the first wind-borne perfumes fill the heart with memories of childhood. Long days in the open there will be, and wet feet, and the rich languor of physical fatigue . . . to be rounded off with draughts of clear golden Worthington, making all safe within the body to greet in happiness another day.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

Answers to Correspondents

E. F. B. (Victoria) who, judging from his letter, is a stock broker in the City, has written to tell me that his chief trouble is that of getting exercise, and he wonders whether in addition to advising people on hotels suitable for those with heart and other ailments, I can tell him of an hotel where (as he frankly puts it) he could cure his middle-age spread.

Admittedly there is a difficulty in London in getting exercise in spite of the increasing number of squash courts, for they are very often a long way from one's London headquarters, and are booked well ahead, and also the cost of a regular game comes to quite a serious item each week.

There are a number of hotels these days within easy reach of London where squash and other games are included free in the weekly inclusive terms, of which Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, and Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, are classic examples.

M. W. (London) seeks advice on an hotel where there is dancing nightly, professional partners, and an ice rink close by, within easy reach of London. The provision of an ice rink narrows down the quest to Brighton and Bournemouth. I question whether there is regular nightly dancing at any hotel at either of these places at this time of the year, but at both places there are public dance halls where there is a high standard of dancing and professional dance partners available.

D. C. (Frant).—The correct etceteras with Lancashire hot-pot are pickled red cabbage and black pudding. In Lancashire, too, apple tart is always accompanied by cheese. There is an old Lancashire saying, "Apple tart without cheese is like courting a girl without a squeeze!" For real Lancashire fare visit the De Tabley Arms, Ribchester, just off the main Preston–Clitheroe road, and about five miles from Blackburn. It is an excellent example of how the brewers are modernising their houses with a view to present day catering needs without sacrificing the characteristics of the old hostelry.

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Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
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Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
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Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
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Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
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Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
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Southport.—Royal Hotel.
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Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
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De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
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Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
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PARIS 1937

TRAVEL NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

GEM OF THE NEW WORLD: St. Paul's Cathedral, Montreal, its architecture suggestive of St. Peter's, Rome. The antiquated horse-drawn cabs outside are an interesting survival

Brioni, Where Motor Cars Are Taboo: The Castles of Bavaria: Estoril and Its Charms

SCENE OF THE GREAT TRAGEDIES: An overhead impression of the amphitheatre, Athens

MOTORLESS PARADISE.—With London already beginning to resemble one enormous traffic block as the date of the Coronation approaches, and with the prospect of further horrors of the sort in the near future, it is refreshing to think of Brioni in the Adriatic where no motor cars are allowed. The island, which with its deer and mouflon might be compared to the park of some great country house transported bodily into the middle of the sea, offers almost every game and pastime one can name. There are for instance polo-grounds, golf, superb bathing all the year round both in the sea or in a covered bath, tennis, and the unique opportunity of bicycling without the risk of being run down. For people who refuse to ride any horse but their own there is stabling for fifty; for the less particular majority there are mounts to be hired. The climate is particularly suitable for those suffering from kidney, heart, and nervous troubles; and there are facilities for every kind of hydropathic treatment and massage under the supervision of doctors.

Winter Sports at Villars.—The building of the ski-hoist from Bretaye to Chaux-Ronde, the tariff of which is combined with that of the funicular, now enables visitors to reach snow-fields 6,200 ft. high at the cost of only 80 centimes which is probably the lowest fare of the sort in Europe. Incidentally the completion of this work has enabled the winter season at Villars to be extended this year well into the spring, since obviously the snow at such heights remains much longer in perfect condition than on the lower slopes.

The Ludwigs' Country.—A great deal more attention politically centres nowadays on a certain châlet near Berchtesgaden in Bavaria than was ever paid to the Kings Ludwig when they were building their fantastic castles. But though one would scarcely expect the Führer to dress up as Lohengrin, or to drift about a synthetically blue lake in the company of swans (which unfortunately afterwards died from copper-sulphate poisoning) to the strains of Wagner, the incredible Schloss Neuschwanstein and the rest remain to be visited in a most beautiful countryside. No visitor to Bavaria should miss these castles built at the personal whim of the descendant of the tough old Wittelsbachs. Nor should they fail to make the expedition to the Königsee on which parties are taken out in a boat and a horn is blown to demonstrate the remarkable echo from the cliffs. It has been suggested, probably without truth, that after luncheon the echo plays more in tune than the human musician.

Lovely Estoril.—Reports from this popular resort seem to indicate that, unlike the majority of countries Portugal has escaped the appalling weather of the last few months. Estoril is, of course, famous for its unrivalled bathing; and it is certainly hard to think of another place which offers miles of sand unspoilt by any suggestion of shingle. Estoril, with its comfortable hotels and the care which is paid to the comforts of visitors, has gone a long way to bring the "oldest ally" into prominence as a holiday country. Portugal, particularly in spring, has much to show of interest in its countryside. If one has a pre-conceived notion that away from the coast the country consists entirely of vineyards given over to the production of port (which other nations think the origin of the English "spleen"), it is necessary only to remind oneself that, as far as wild flowers are concerned, Portugal is the home of among other treasures the little "hoop-petticoat" daffodil the pride of so many English rock-gardens. It is also a delightful country for motoring and provides some very beautiful scenery.

ONE OF BAVARIA'S SHOWPLACES: Schloss Neuschwanstein, a modern castle in the Romanesque style that owes its existence to the romantic propensities of King Ludwig II

Drawn by Percy Home

THE THROBBING HEART OF FLORENCE: The Palazzo Vecchio, a castle-like building with huge projecting battlements, part of which dates from the 14th century, dominating the Piazza della Signoria

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Canada and U.S.A.—The Chateau Champlain and the Clarendon Hotels at Quebec are very comfortable and charge from 2 dollars per day for bed and breakfast. We are informed that the Notre Dame is quite comfortable; it is a much smaller hotel and charges from 1 dollar per day for room and breakfast. In Quebec and elsewhere, it would be much more convenient for you to take the arranged excursions, particularly as you have not much time at your disposal; and you will not be able to do these independently, cheaply, and comfortably.

The only hotel we can recommend in Chicago is the Bismarck where the charge for a double room is about 4 dollars; this is about the average price for a comfortable hotel. In New York we recommend the Commodore which is rather expensive as the terms are 4 dollars per day for room only. The Wellington and Prince George are slightly cheaper and very comfortable; but hotels in America are not cheap.

From New York there are, of course, several services to England and the tourist class is very comfortable. You cannot do better than travel by a British line, though the French and German lines are extremely comfortable and on the whole cheaper. The system by which passages can be exchanged between one line and another is extremely convenient, if, for instance, you wish to travel back by a different line on a boat by which friends are crossing

Greece.—You do not say which route you are taking; but the best is Athens–Thebes–Levadia (Helicon Hotel)—Lamia (Achillion Hotel)—Larissa (Gallia Hotel)—Yugoslav frontier via Florina (Diethnes Hotel). Most people make for Salonika as the road from Athens is good; but unless it has recently been repaired, it is extremely bad after Salonika. On the above route some of the road surface is excellent, some bad, but it is never impossible. It is advisable to fix the price before taking a room, and you should never pay more than 75 drachmas; 50 drachmas would be a fair price except of course in Athens. It is advisable, too, to have your radiator-cap fixed to your car (any garage in Greece will do this for you, as it is the usual practice); and, to avoid little mishaps, you should be careful to lock your car up each night. We hope the above information will prove useful on your journey.

Madeira.—Your choice of Madeira as a place to which to retire is excellent, as the climate is delightful the whole year round. There is a British club and an English church at Funchal. The best hotel is Reids' at which the inclusive terms are about £1 per day, and we recommend the Bella Vista which charges about 12s. 6d. per day. We are also informed that the Atlantic is very comfortable, and here you can obtain inclusive terms of 10s. per day. We think your best plan would be to stay at one of these hotels on arrival and then get in touch with the Agencia Oficial de Punsino at Funchal who will give you full information regarding villas to let. There are some really nice villas available. The cost of living is not less than 25 per cent. cheaper than in England: there is no income tax; and servants' wages are about 35s. per month.

Italy.—We have made inquiries about the price quoted by Cook's to your friend, and we think this must be a special International ticket, which costs £5 15s. 9d., Paris Florence return. Such a ticket is not available in England, and would have to be obtained specially; but no doubt Cook's would do this for you. The ordinary second-class fare Paris–Florence via Milan is £6 10s. 9d., valid for forty-five days, and there is a slightly cheaper ticket for a shorter period.

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In Quest o

Adventuring in the We Makes a

DURING my talks with proprietors of hotels, they almost invariably tell me that a large percentage of their visitors revisit them year after year. What a lamentable endorsement of the conservatism of us Britishers. No wonder that we do not know our native land if each year we visit the same old place.

Let us adventure this spring; let us do something different; let us see new places—and new faces. Why not go westwards where spring time has long since commenced—for did I not see daffodils, crocuses, and primroses in bloom and lambs gambolling in the fields in very early spring? And this was not a dream.

During the early months of last year I toured almost every nook and cranny of Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, and I know of at least a hundred places in these counties where I could encourage you to adventure without any qualms of letting you down. Many of these places are so delightful that I can but repeat what I wrote in the pages of my Kent, Surrey, and Sussex *Let's Halt Awhile:* "I am torn between the desire of making known my finds or maintaining silence, lest the motoring public crowd me out of my pet domains."

There are hotels advertised on these pages which I can most strongly recommend from personal knowledge. I never go to the West Country without making an excuse to stop at least one night at the Royal Clarence Hotel, Exeter, for I like its old-worldness, its modern amenities, its cooking, and its staff. What a memory for faces their head porter has; what a friendly welcome one receives at the reception office, and what a living example of good food is their head waiter!

Then there is Sidmouth with its sunny weather and its friendly hotels which I have described before in these columns. The Victoria and Fortfield, and, lower down the scale in price, the Royal York, Torbay View, and the Royal Glen.

And if you go to Torquay, go to Roslin Hall, Park Hall, the Torquay Hydro Hotel, or Lincombe Hall Hotel, for from personal experience I can tell you that you could not find better managed hotels, better food, or more comfortable beds.

Then there is the Headland Hotel at Newquay. Newquay itself may not appeal to you, but that need not deter you from going to the Headland because it stands on its own, a good mile away, and when you are not playing golf, eating, or sleeping you will probably be enjoying that marvellous panoramic view of Cornish cliffs, ceaseless Atlantic rollers, and America, the nearest neighbour though not quite in sight.

And 40 miles farther up the leg of Cornwall is the Grenville Hotel, from which you can explore much of Cornwall and West Devon or just "stay put" at the Grenville, basking in the sunshine and in the mildness of Bude's genial climate.

And now for my tit-bits as they

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Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Country, Where Spring Early Bow

occur to me at random. A farmhouse on Dartmoor, white-washed and thatched-roofed; old beams and low ceilings within, so mind your head. Lots of good things to eat, lovely horses to ride.

A little cottage on the Cornish coast near St. Ives, reputed to be the oldest cottage in Cornwall; a real smugglers' cottage with all the evidence to see; a sandy cove, usually bathed in sunshine, and right off the beaten track. If you want to receive your favourite papers it is best to give the order when you write for accommodation, as the morning daily papers are never received until the evening, while the wireless (I hope) is taboo.

And here is another. A small residential hotel, the walls of which at one time were the walls of sheds used for curing pilchards. Soon, the hill which you can see from your bedroom window will be a blaze of bluebells and yellow with primroses. Its name? "Bide-a-While." One word of warning, if you go there you will bide a long time!

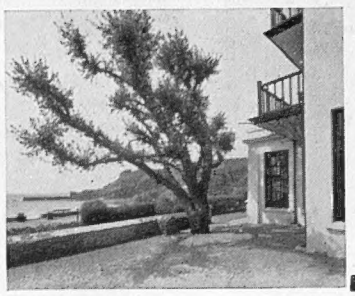
Or how about Falmouth? There is the Greenbank Hotel right on the water's edge, which gives one such an impression of being on board ship that even staunch teetotallers have been known to adopt a slight nautical roll when going down the corridors to their rooms.

And what about golf? I can tell you of a perfect hotel or a delightful guest house for those wishing to play on that never-crowded but almost championship course, the Trevose Links near Padstow. And opposite Padstow on the other side of the river Camel there is St. Enodoc, where the Ladies' Golf Championship is being played this year, and there are two hotels at Rock which I can well recommend. And for those who do not want to take their golf too seriously there are hotels where golf is part and parcel of the inclusive terms, for example, that "gem" I have found at Budock Vean, and others which I came across in North Devon. And so I feel that I could go on almost *ad infinitum*.

If you have no car most of these places are get-at-able by rail, and for myself, to save time in travelling, I often take advantage of the night expresses which the G.W.R. run and which seem to have brought the Cornish coast so much nearer.

It is great fun, this adventuring . . . so long as you do not hit on the wrong place. For those who prefer to "gamble on certainties" and not risk the "also rans" I shall be very pleased to give any further help I can, if they will write to me, and subject to my being given some indication as to the part of the West Country they prefer and the type of accommodation which most appeals to them.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*



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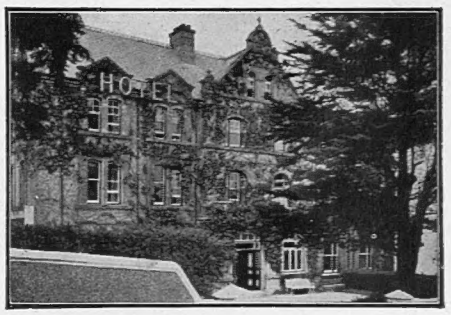

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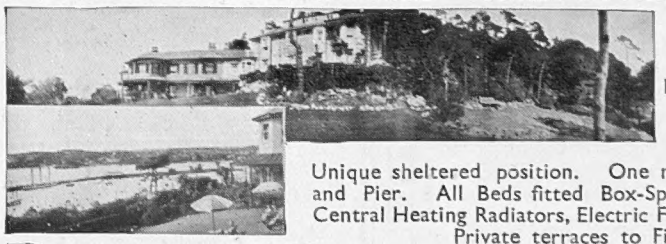

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THE SEXCENTENARY OF A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE (Continued from page 436)

Krishnadeva Raya; Lakshminarayana, the palace musician; Tenali Raman, the court jester; Purandara Dasa, who played an important part in the evolution of Carnatic music, and Arunagiri, the well-known Tamil poet. There were troupes of lady actors touring the empire then and operatic dance dramas and shadow plays were periodically staged at the capital city,

These kings were great builders of cities, citadels, irrigation works, and temples and they spent large sums in repairing, extending, and endowing the famous temples of Sri Rangam, Madura, Tanjore, and Tirupathi. Early in the fifteenth century construction of conduits, channels, baths, and tanks transformed the barren environs of the capital city into orchards and smiling flower gardens. The Hampi bazaar was imposingly wide for an Indian city. There was no lack of "barbaric splendours" either, there were stables to shelter 200 elephants, and the Soolai bazaar or the street of courtesans took Abdur Razzak's breath away. He was struck with the "splendour of those houses, the beauty of the heart ravishers, their blandishments and ogles."

What of the other side of the medal? The peasantry did not get a fair return for their toil, as the burden of land revenue was heavy. *Sati* was prevalent. Punishments meted out for crimes were barbarous, if not brutal, judged by modern standards. The fatal weakness of the Empire lay in the lack of a disciplined army, lack of appreciation of a navy, and quarrels that inevitably arose at the end of a dynasty on matters of succession.

SCEAUX TRANSFORMED (Continued from page 493)

Endowed with an artistic temperament and a marked literary talent, the Duc de Penthièvre was a shrewd and intelligent man. Moreover, he was an honest philanthropist. He made munificent gifts to the poor and founded innumerable hospitals and schools. He was loved and admired by all. This is the reason why he suffered little during the Revolution, the impending danger of which he too clearly foresaw in 1783 when, six years prior to the outburst, he took up his position at the Court of Marie-Antoinette as Conseilleur intime de la Couronne. He was the last proud and worthy owner of the noble domain of Sceaux. All the royal palaces, including Sceaux, were declared as being national property. A decree of the Convention decided that the château and park should be transformed into an agricultural school. Gone was the former splendour of one of the most celebrated of royal houses of France.

All the flower-beds were turned upside down and tried for the experimental growing of tobacco. Buffaloes, cows, bulls, and sheep—imported from Spain—ravaged the green lawns and ruined the floral embellishments. All the lead gutters were removed from the château and used for the fabrication of shot. Many of the books from the library were employed for the making of cartridges. The orangerie was converted into a warehouse for storing all the *objets d'art* collected on the estate, one of the most outstanding of which was the "Hercule Gaulois," by Puget. This fine piece of sculpture formerly stood in the forecourt of the château of Sceaux. It to-day occupies a place of honour in the centre of one of the new sculpture galleries in the Louvre. A number of marble vases and statues were also saved. These now stand in the Luxembourg and Tuileries Gardens. Very unfortunately, the frescoes by Le Brun, the bas-reliefs, and the rare wood-panelling in the château have all been lost.

Even further havoc was caused during the Directoire period. In 1798 the Government pronounced the estate for sale. Six months later a certain M. Lecomte acquired the home of Colbert for the sum of 750,000 francs. He had intended preserving all the buildings in the park in their original state, but he found that the necessary restoration was almost impossible. After four years of complete abandon he was obliged to demolish the château. Neither was he able to keep the park in good repair, so he had it all ploughed! Nevertheless, it is thanks to him that there still remain the few buildings that I mentioned at the beginning of this article.

The daughter of M. Lecomte married the Marquis de Trévise, who made a creditable attempt to restore the park to its former beauty. But it is to be deplored that, in 1856, he ordered the architect, Lesoufaché, to construct the awkward stone-and-brick château which, as may be seen to-day, is inclined to distract the eye from Le Nôtre's masterpiece.

In 1923 the State acquired Sceaux from the Princesse de Cystria for the sum of 13,000,000 francs. Mutilated and falling into ruins, the historic domain has almost been completely restored to its renowned splendour of Colbert's day.

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 502)

names which have since become famous in the theatrical world. His great friends were the Kendals, into whose family life he gives many charming and intimate glimpses. Through this portion of the narrative ripples the peculiarly individual wit of that great lady of the theatre Dame Madge Kendal. He also knew the Wyndhams very well, and has many good stories to tell of Sir Charles in the days when he built the New and Wyndham's theatres, and incidentally made theatrical history by turning down Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

We are indebted to the author for reviving the old story of Wilde, who, when one of the famous actor managers wished to get hold of him to discuss some business, replied "My time for seeing managers is between 3.0 p.m. and 4.0 p.m. on Tuesdays."

Mr. Swears confesses that while moving in the theatrical world he did not travel easily in Bohemia, although he seems to have met most of the odd characters of his day, who would have liked to consider themselves Bohemians. "I always lacked the true temperament of a Bohemian. Charming fellows, happy-go-lucky, generous souls, with the capacity to live only in the present and to take no heed for the morrow. I have sometimes envied them. Perhaps we peer too closely into the future and worry overmuch about possibilities that may never occur. For myself, not to be sure of to-morrow's meals, or to find the wherewithal to meet the quarter's rent would have spelt misery."

It is a far cry back to the old days when R. B. Cunninghame Grahame and "a few other gallant horsemen would mount their steeds in Albany courtyard and canter down to the Row." Many changes—mostly, Mr. Swears would maintain, for the worse—have been wrought since then in Piccadilly and upon the face of London and its society. Reminiscences such as these have their value as well as a nostalgic charm.

Political conditions in India, with the new constitution on trial, add a special interest to a most valuable book by Sir Edward Blunt—**THE I.C.S.** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.). In this the author fulfils an obvious want, for it not only surveys the history and the traditions of the Indian Civil Service but, in the words of the jacket, gives "to the public in general and to intending candidates, and their parents in particular, a true, attractively written and up-to-date description of the Service."

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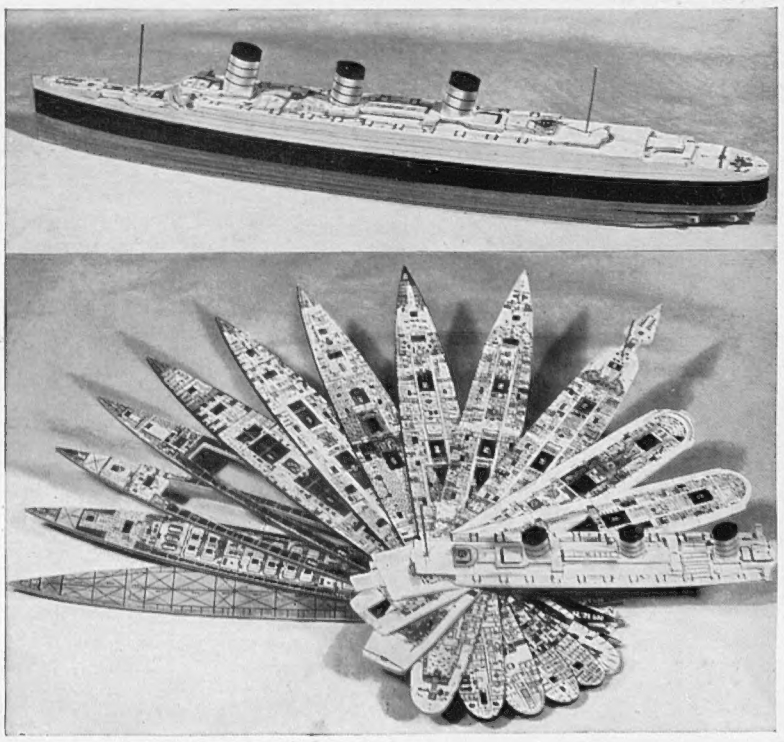

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